Miss America

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A "click" ON THE CAMPUS . . .

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LIPSTICK

in Rare Orchid, an exciting shade becoming to your lips

It's bright . . it's right . . . it's Rare Orchid. One of six smart Stadium Girl shades that stay on . . . and on . . . and on. Worn on the lovely lips of many popular girls, for daytime, date time, anytime. Let the soft warmth of Rare Orchid help enhance *your* attractiveness. Ask for it in Stadium Girl Lipstick at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. 10¢ and 25¢ sizes (plus tax) in convenient, fast-acting, plastic push-up containers. If your dealer can't supply you, order large size by coupon below.

Six of the season's most flattering shades:

Cherry Red (medium light)
Sunset Pink (medium)
Rare Orchid
Tropic (medium dark)
Ruby (dark)
Burgundy (very dark)

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411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

NO C.O.D.'s PLEASE

I am enclosing 35¢ (in Canada 50¢), which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a large-size Stadium Girl lipstick. I have indicated my choice of shade at the right.

Name..

Address..

City.......................................(......) State....................

My choice of lipstick shade is:.

☐ Cherry Red (medium light)
☐ Sunset Pink (medium)
☐ Rare Orchid
☐ Tropic (medium dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dark)

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An AMERITEX Fabric

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SOda-luscious colors . . . with contrasting bows and bands to perk-up your shoulders, and show off your waist! Crisp and swingy Americrash Linen in: Strawberry-and-aqua, lemon-and-luggage, strawberry-and-grey, lemon-and-kelly. Teen sizes 8 to 16. About $9. For name of your nearest store, write Teen-timers, Inc., 1359 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Designed by
GRACE NORMAN

*TRADE MARK REGISTERED

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BASQUE BEAUTY with a smooth bodice, full skirt, eyelet-edged yoke. Fine cotton chambray—brown or red-and-aqua stripes on white; or solid blue. Sizes 7 to 14.

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Color .... Size ....
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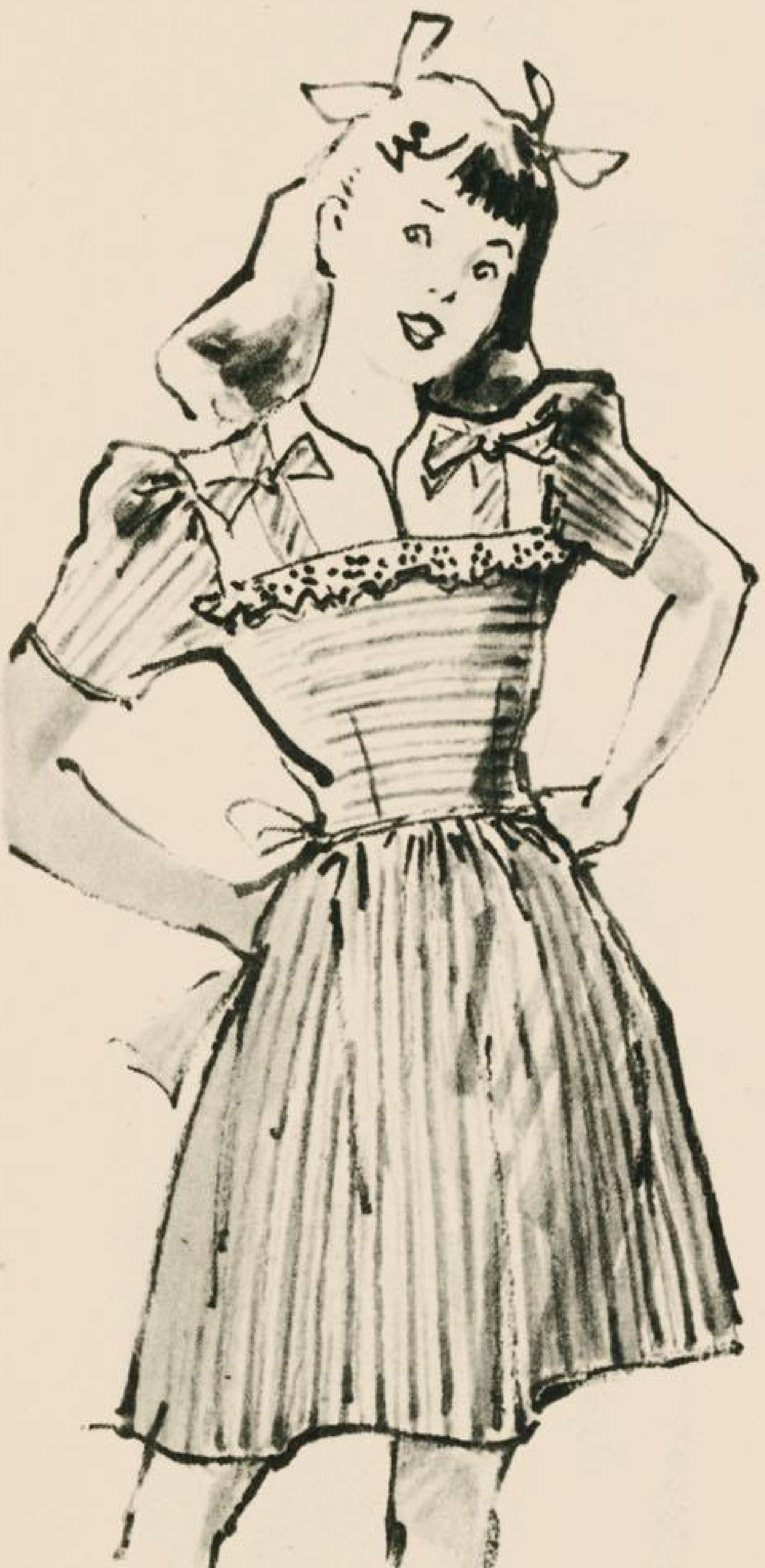

Miss America

MAY, 1947 VOLUME 6, NO. 1

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Miss America
POLL YOUR POPULARITY...

The winning dress in our Soap 'n' Water* fabrics design contest. By Dell Town Fashions. $8. Read all about it on page 25; stores listed on page 66. Shoes by Sandler of Boston, $6.; D. Lisner's bracelets, $1. plus tax, "Crackerjack" lipstick by Helena Rubinstein $1. plus tax.

Due to today's uncertain market conditions all prices listed on fashion pages are approximate.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Kodachrome by Trend Studios

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Unconditionally Washable!
LOOK FOR THE CLOTHESPIN TAG

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SHAMPOO

Irene really gets around, but fast, in Pan American's big transoceanic Clippers—but, anywhere in the world, she finds the few minutes needed for her regular streamlined shampoo with GLO-VER. No other shampoo can do more for your hair—for glorious sparkle, glamorous lustre, that *natural*-looking hair-beauty! Contains mild, efficient cleansing agents, made from fine *blended* vegetable oils. Rinses out *instantly*—no trace of unsightly film. Leaves hair gorgeously manageable! Removes loose dandruff, cleanses scalp. Ask for the regular size package at Drug or Cosmetic Counters today—or mail Coupon for free Sampler.

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Be Glover-wise... *glamorize* with GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine, Glover's Hair Dress! One complete application of each in hermetically-sealed bottles—all 3 in free Sampler Package *not sold in stores*. Mail Coupon today.

Glover's, Dept. 235
101 West 31st St., New York 1, N. Y.

Send free Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail—GLO-VER Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine and Hair Dress, in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles, with *free* booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name...
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)
Address..
City.......................... *Zone*.... *State*..........

Hello Girls:

Oh, what a beautiful morning! It's spring again—and very definitely so! There's a wonderful, brilliant lustre haloing the New York skyline. Here from our office, looking down—way, way down, you can see the whole metropolis before your eyes; little colored cabs scooting back and forth, little matchstick figures darting around on gleaming pavement surfaces. But the buildings! So very impressive are the buildings! Tall, granite spires glittering and sparkling in the sun—give you the feeling of unyielding brilliance—like diamonds almost.

Today, too, even the window-panes take on a *special* gleam. But that's due not so much to the sun, as (coming down to earth again) to the efforts of Mickey, our window cleaner, who was here just a little while ago. Amazing isn't it—and frightening too—to think of washing windows 73 floors up from the ground? And you should just see the way Mickey does it! So nonchalant and happy, whistling away all the time. He keeps up a running stream of chatter as he hangs suspended above the earth, while I—all *I* can do is mumble terse monosyllables in reply. (Actually hold my breath, till he jumps inside off the ledge. Yes, *I'm* the one who's a sissy and scared all the time!)

Mickey has a teen-age daughter and so you can well imagine what we talk about, once he's safely inside my office. Seems Helen, his daughter, is a super-special Number One Patsy Walker fan. She even has a Patsy Walker Fan Club organized in her neighborhood, and since she does not live very far from our office, Helen often pops up here to say "hello" and talk things over with the creator of Patsy Walker. Her ideas are so original and helpful, we do enjoy hearing about things "as she sees them". But then, we enjoy hearing about things as *you see them, too*—each and every one of you. Yes, it's a pleasure to read your letters—helpful, informative, encouraging—and don't think we're not human enough to glow with pride over those praise-to-the-skies, or groan, and hang our heads low over the ones in an opposite vein.

But whether they gladden or sadden—do let us hear from you! Keep 'em flying—right to MISS AMERICA Magazine.

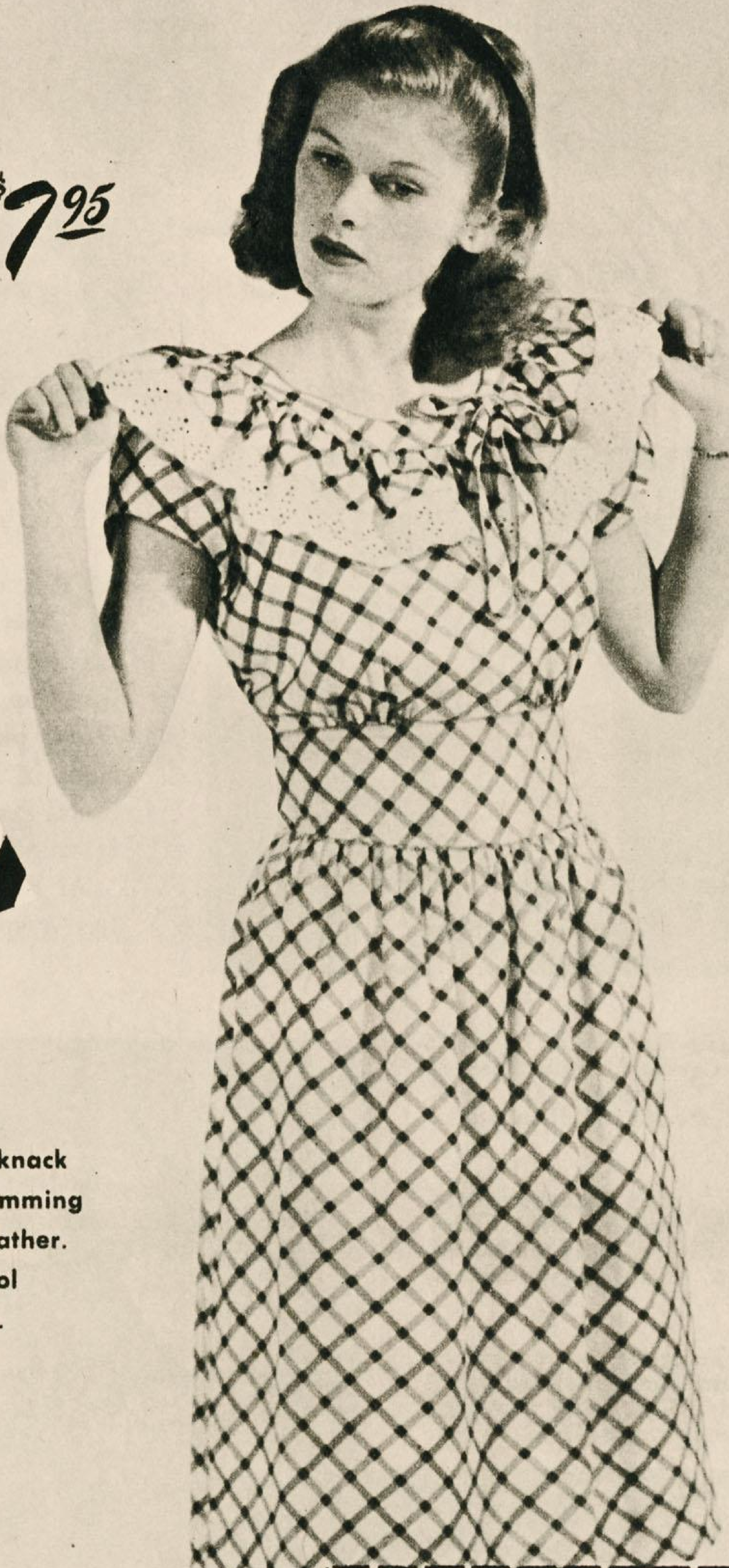
Affectionately,

Jean Goodman

P.S.—Don't forget—coming in June . . . Montsanto's special design competition for you—and you—and YOU! Watch your June MISS AMERICA for all exciting details of this big CASH prize contest!

INCREDIBLE?

No, Adorable at $7.95



Teena Paige FASHIONS

Clever Teena Paige! She has such a knack for cutting capers with cotton and trimming the price to please even the fussiest father. The dress you see here is of crisp cool cotton, with perky eyelet embroidery. Three wonderful color combinations on white backgrounds. Red or Blue or Green predominating. Sized for TEENS — 7, 9, 11, 13, 15.

If you can't get this dress at one of the ten stores listed below, use the attached coupon and order by mail. State color combination choice by number. If delivered in New York, add 2% sales tax

Battle Creek, Mich., ***THE GRAND LEADER***
Peoria, Ill., ***PEORIA D. G. CO.***
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Muncie, Ind., ***STILLMAN'S***
Springfield, Ohio, ***BOSTON STORE***

MISS CARROLL · 111 Eighth Ave., Room 511, New York 11, N.Y.

Please send me this Teena Paige dress in Red or Blue or Green plaid.

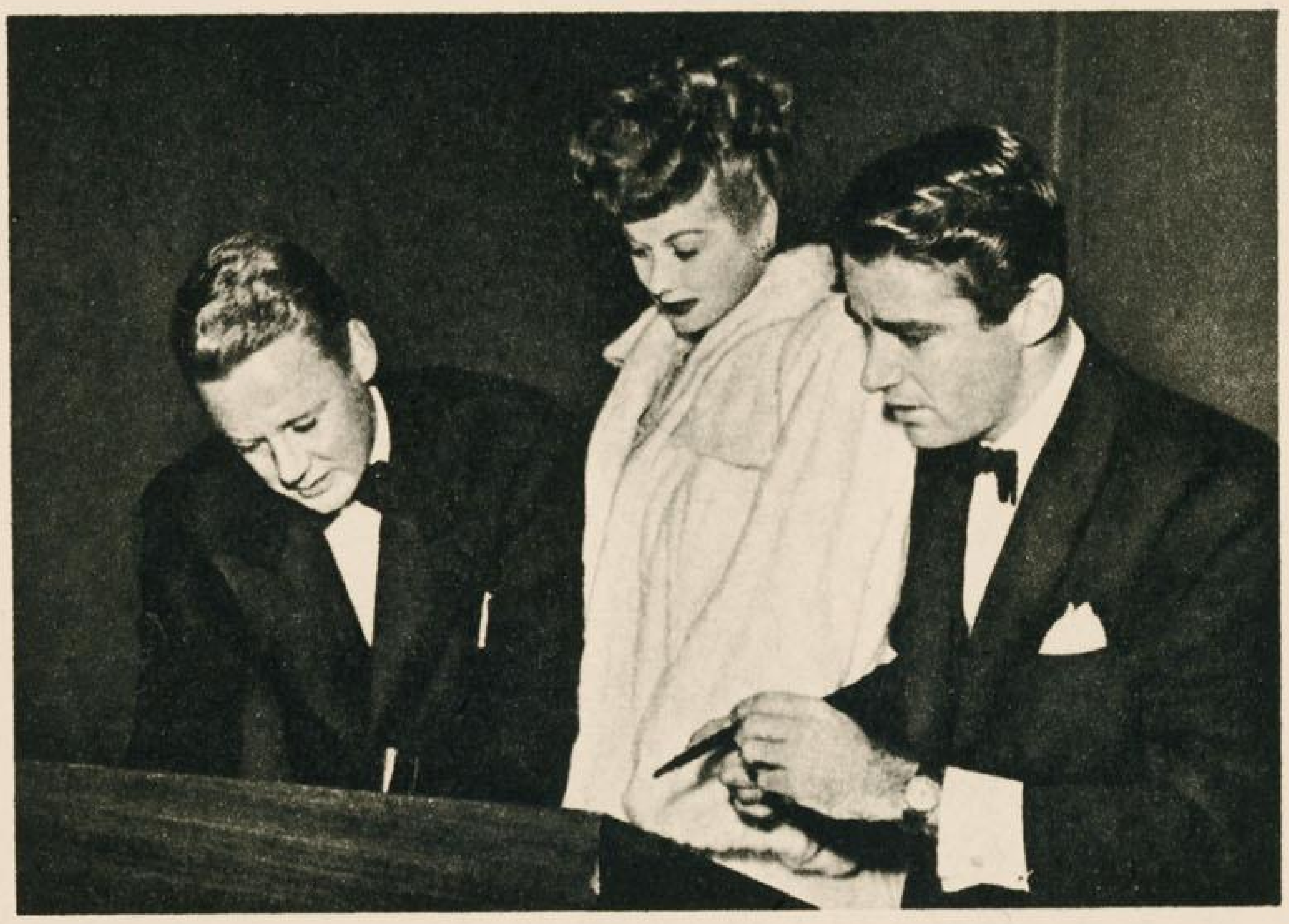
1st color choice________________Size______
2nd color choice ________________ **$7.95** ______
Name________________________
Address________________________
City and State________________________

Check ☐ Money Order ☐

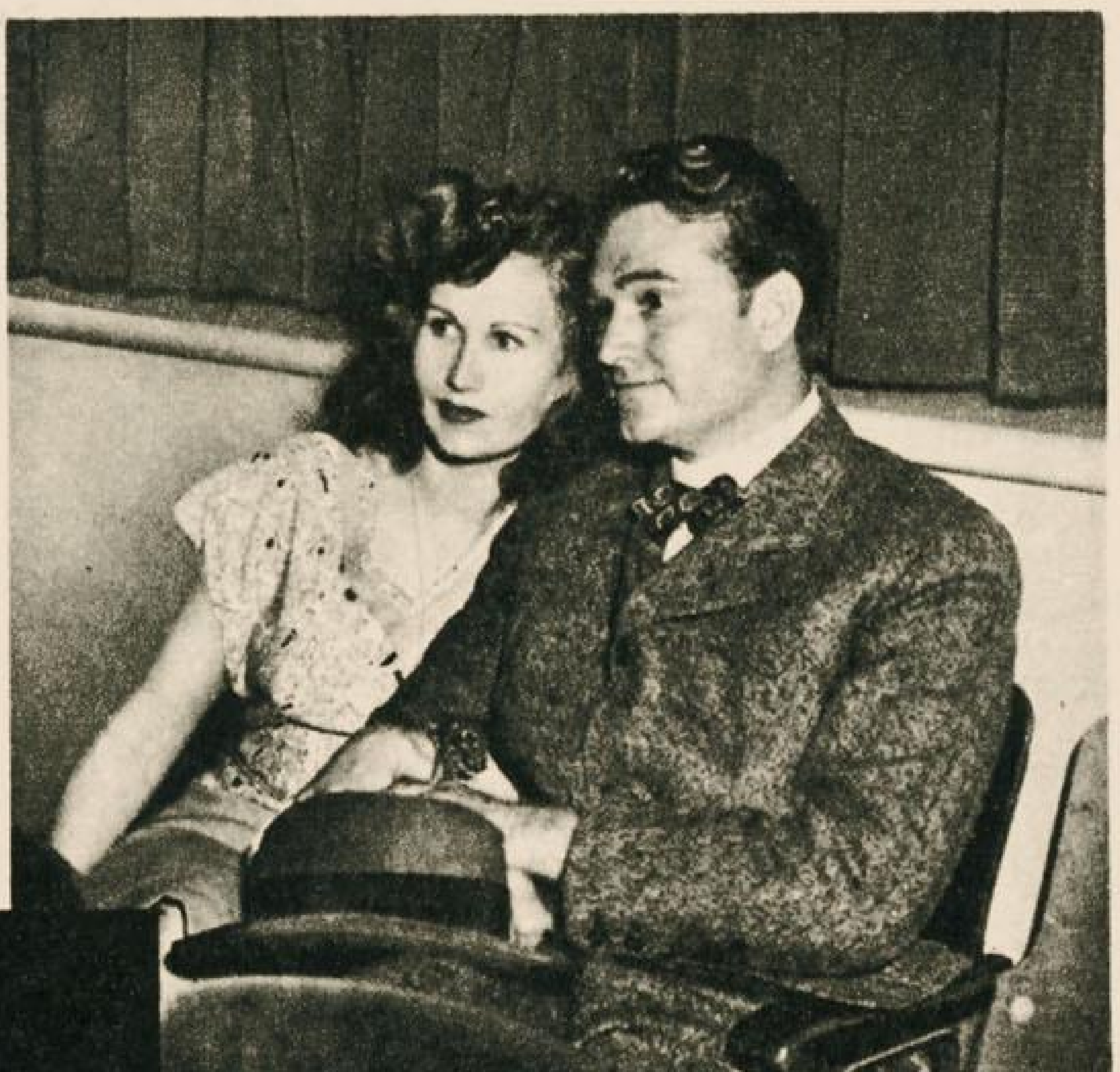
HOLLYWOOD'S Younger Set

by may mann

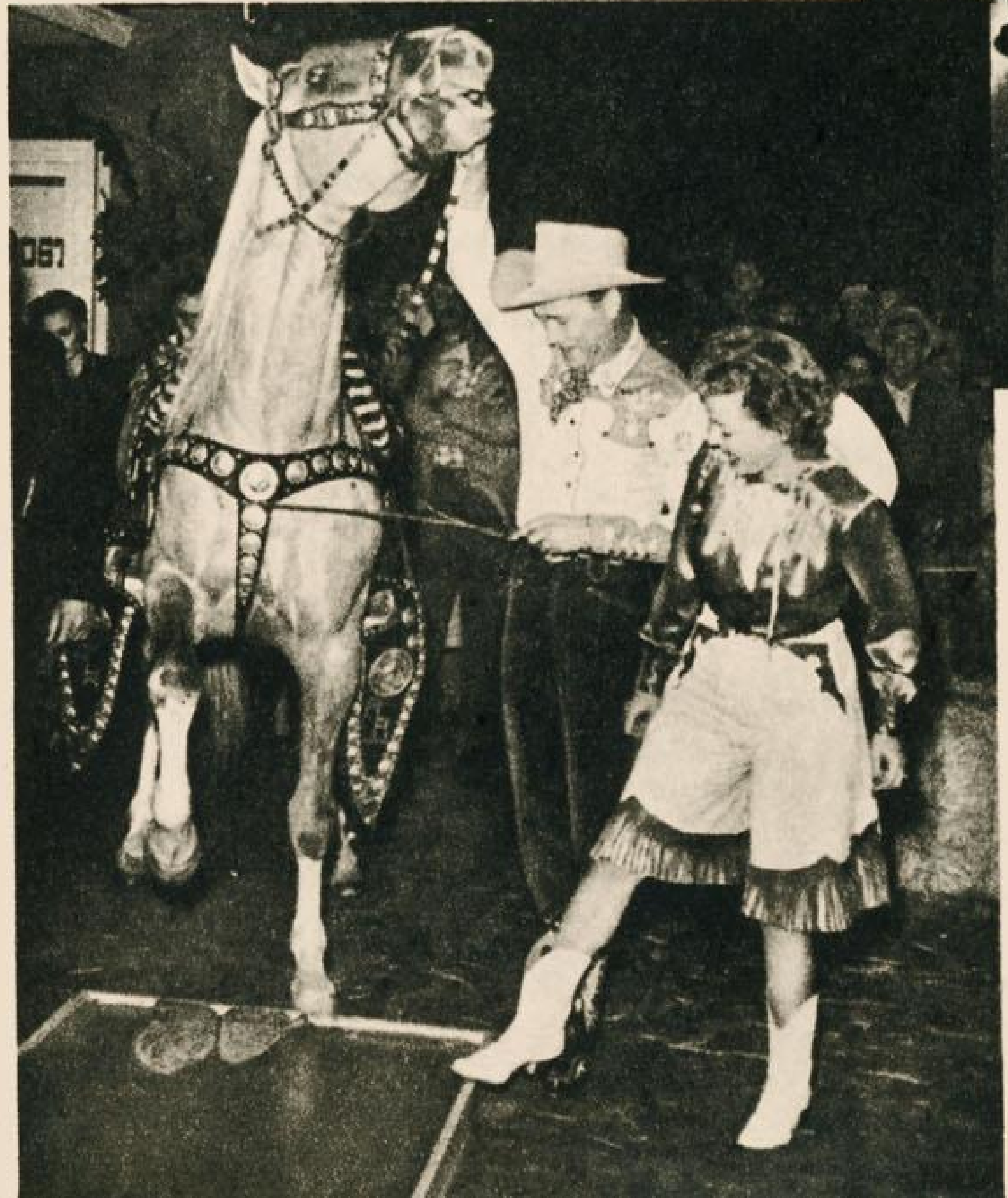
Up, down, all-around the Talent Town, starry-eyed May sees all, hears all, tells all—to you!



Van Johnson, Lucille Ball, Peter Lawford signing in at the Carthay Circle Theater for "The Yearling" premiere. Oh, boy, what wouldn't you give for that little book!



Pretty and witty . . . May Mann previewing "Merton of the Movies" with "Merton" (funnyman Red Skelton). "Looks great from where I sit," May relates.



Some hoofer! "Trigger" cement-mixes his hoof-print before the "Hitching Post" Theater in Beverly Hills, with the help of owner Roy Rogers and Dale Evans.

HOPE we're first to tell you the wonderful news. Fan clubs throughout the country are going to send delegates to Hollywood's first Fan Club Jamboree.

The plan is to hold the fan club convention right in Hollywood this June. Perhaps a National Federation of Fan Clubs will be formed. It sounds simply terrif!

At Ross Hunter's pork chop party—(Rossie has a special recipe for cooking pork chops a lovely, luscious, golden brown and then bathing them in sour cream for an hour in the oven until they positively swim, and make your appetite go slightly delirious)—he was called to the telephone every other second by members of the committee who are helping with the convention plans.

Ross was very mysterious about it all, but doing a little snooping around, we learned committee meetings are buzzing with Prexy Ellen Rouss of the Dick Travers, the Jane Wyman, the John Ridgely and Club Cabana Fan Clubs, and Janet Sargent, prexy of the Rand Brooks, the Louise Allbritton and the Peggy Cummins clubs, are working out the details.

Lanky and likeable Jimmy Stewart, Rand

Brooks, Ross Hunter, Phyllis Calvert, Don Ameche, Andrea King, Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman are on the official reception committee, we are told.

Further, the stars are going to contribute personal items for the Donation Raffle, the proceeds of which will defray some of the expenses of the get-together.

The Jamboree, which we call it, until it gets its official tag, will tee off with a tea dance at the Hotel Ambassador, and close with a formal dinner dance at Ciro's.

So many write in asking how to start a fan club. 'Tis simple. Get the star's signed permission, then gather your club members and organize work to elevate the star, and create good will.

The prexy of the new Peggy Cummins Club suggests a club journal filled with facts and information about the star to start, too.

Lunch at The Players with Craig Stevens, that tall, dark and handsome fellow under contract to Warner Brothers, who is swinging back to leads after time out in the service. Craig is, incidentally, Alexis Smith's husband, so don't lose your hearts too hard. But let's boost him back to the starring roles his acting ability and good looks deserve.

* * *

Hurd Hatfield invited us to be with him at a costume party. He came as a French officer, and *sooo* handsome. When Sonny Tufts, also in our party, made his entrance dressed in his diver's suit, the band began playing "Oceans Apart" and "You Ought to Be in Pictures." Afterwards we all went to the Sonny Tufts' home, where Coco, his French poodle, who used to scare us to death with his woofs, came bounding out, and leaped all over us with puppy adoration. Which is okay but a little hard on nylons.

* * *

To Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to "set-visit" with Red Skelton. He's a honey and we think of him as a romantic star as well as a top comedian. Red was making "Merton of the Movies," and we sat in the back row of the movie set theater, and for a second imagined Red was our best fellow and it was a real movie, with popcorn and stuff. But it was all make-believe.

* * *

Steve Cochran, who plays the lead in "Copacabana," telephoned from the set, between takes. Gloria Jean makes her big comeback starring in this picture. Steve plays the romantic lead. 'Twill be good to see Gloria Jean again, after a too long screen absence. And Steve, well broth-errr!

* * *

Jane Withers' two beaux, Dean Harens and Bill Moss, began a slight feud over dates with Miss Withers, so Jane had her telephone number changed. Which may be one way of solving the problem—or is it?

And that's Hollywood!

C'mon out'n play!

antique red, brown or black leather

antique red, brown or black leather

They're so chipper . . . so good-looking . . . so sublimely comfortable, your Trampeze challenge you to give way to your wanderlust.

$5.95

slightly higher west of Denver

Penobscot TRAMPEZE

For source nearest you, write to

PENOBSCOT SHOE CO., OLD TOWN, MAINE

they STOP the rain!

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Koroseal
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B.F. GOODRICH FLEXIBLE SYNTHETIC
STOP

miracle coats of

Koroseal

by Rainfashions Fifth Avenue

Whistle-pretty Koroseal flexible synthetic . . . 100% waterproof—plus! Won't crack, stick or stiffen ever—cleans with a damp cloth.
Teen sizes, 10-16, in black, blue, coral, silver—$9.95; girls, 7-14, in red, blue, silver—$8.95.
Matching snood-hat about $2.50.
At better stores everywhere.

SEND FOR THIS SLICK RAIN-TRICK . . . a big red-and-white stop-sign decal (4 inches!) that sticks to your coat of Koroseal. Send just ten cents (in coin or stamps) with your name and address to Rainfashions Fifth Avenue, Dept. A, Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

PROFESSOR QUIZ

"the one, the only, the original" PROFESSOR QUIZ, ABC Network Star.

Questions

1. May is when we celebrate Mother's Day. Upon which day does it always occur?

2. What famous Roman mother, when asked to show her jewels, presented her two sons?

3. Which is the subject of more medieval art than any other? Which most famous?

4. What modern painter has immortalized himself in a picture of his mother?

5. A famous American statesman was born in May. Who?

6. May also saw the birth of a great humanitarian group. What was it?

7. There have been few happier days than this one, occurring in 1945. What was it?

Answers

1. The second Sunday in May.

2. Cornelia, showing the two Gracchi—Gaius and Marius.

3. Mary, the Mother of Jesus, known as the Madonna. *The Sistine Madonna* by Raphael.

4. James McNeil Whistler.

5. Former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, born May 2nd, 1879.

6. American Red Cross, founded May 21st, 1881.

7. V-E Day, May 8th.

Suzy Que
OF SAINT LOUIS
YOUNG FASHION ORIGINALS

me in the middle . . . and me on top! Bare, but like a lady . . . with stripes going every which way on a one-piece turn-about dress that looks like 2-pieces in the front. Wonderful, washable Dan River Cord Spun Cotton in pink, aqua or blue with white. Sizes 7 to 15. $8.98. Mail orders promptly filled.

HI-SCHOOL SHOP
Famous-Barr Co.
ST. LOUIS 1, MISSOURI

for girls only

First-aid for those ailing teen heart, home and head aches . . . read her, write her—your own Jean Goodman with the understanding pen . . .

by jean goodman

From Marilyn

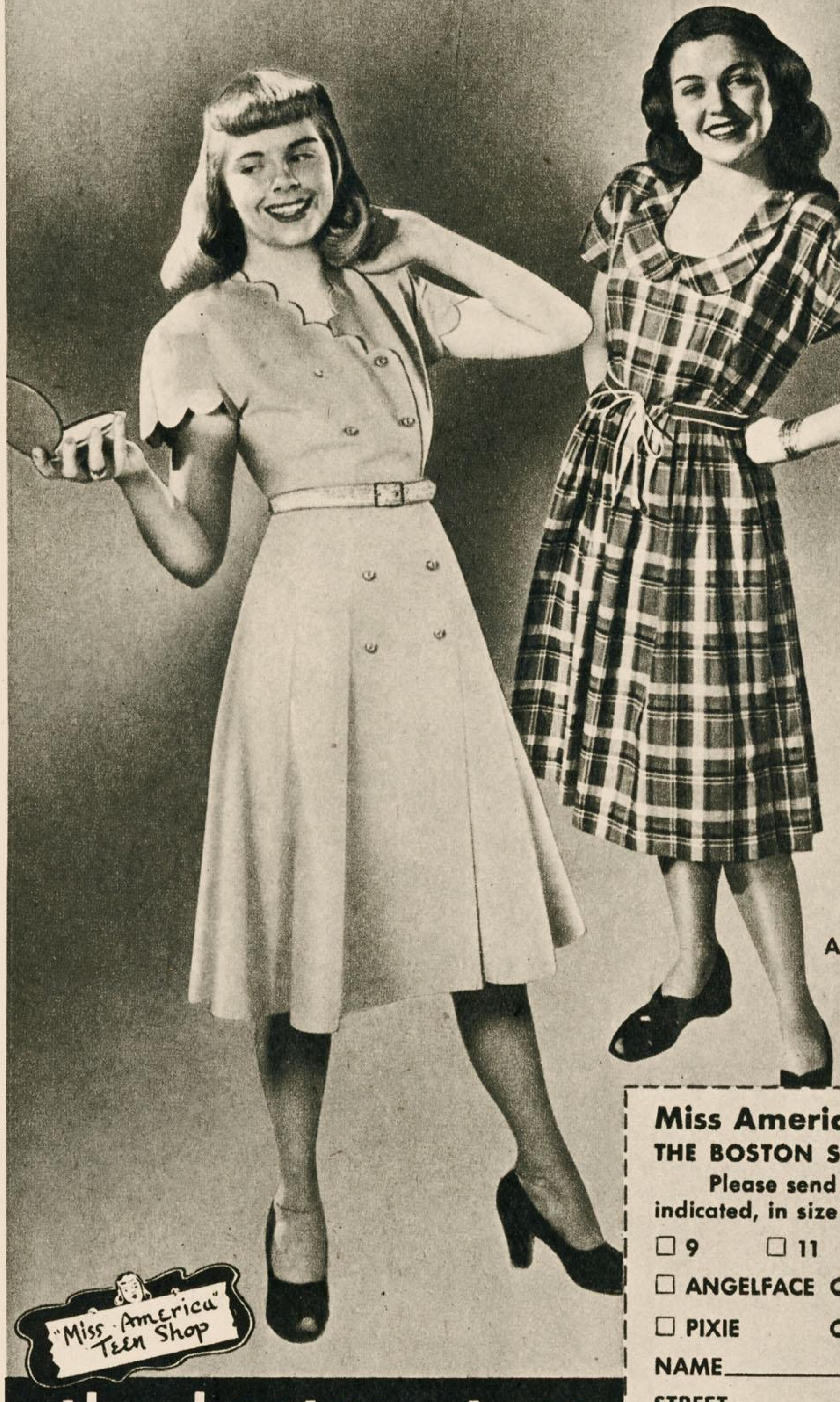
DEAR JEAN:
I am 15 and live in the country. My mother says I can have dates but cannot go in cars, and besides I cannot have any dates except to school activities. All the girls in my neighborhood have boy friends with cars and are always telling me what a good time they have. Besides that problem, no girl at school or in the neighborhood wants to associate with me very much. I have tried everything I can think of but none of them have worked. How can I settle these two problems?
Marilyn

DEAR MARILYN:
I always like to take first things first. Let's try to see your mother's side of your first problem and I'm sure after that, we'll find some suggestions to help you attain a happier and fuller social life. Instead of building up a resentment against your mother, try to remember that she loves you dearly, and that she does things with you uppermost in her mind at all times. I know that country living is quite different from city life and cars are a very important part of the former, but remember too that the automobile is not indispensable. Your mother knows that young boys have a tendency to speed along on long stretches of country road and "show-off" when the crowd is in the back seat. And that's when accidents occur. So why don't you make up your mind to leave the road work to the others? At the same time, get the gang to come around your way. Start off your campaign by throwing a super-duper party—on the next appropriate occasion, be it birthday, April Fool's day (a masquerade party is sure-fire for success) or just any good old Saturday night is excuse enough. Plan good games, clear space for dancing, serve plenty of good refreshments, the way to a man's (and a girl's heart, too) is still through the stomach. Then after the ball is over, when a good time was had by all, you'll have made a wonderful start toward getting the crowd in the habit of coming to your house. Once they've found out how pleasant it is, they will come back often and bring others along. It's the old story—when the mountain wouldn't come to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain. After that opening gun in your battle, watch your circle broaden. You'll get return invitations from school and neighborhood kids that will surely meet with your mother's approval. Good luck with the project and let me know how it comes off.
Jean

Dear Jean:
I am 17 years old. Here is my problem. John and Sue (both good friends of mine) are dating. She likes John very much, but *now* he doesn't care so much for her. He has an excellent job and makes lots of money. He bought Sue a watch. He keeps asking me for dates, but as long as he is going with Sue I refuse him. Now here is what I would like to know. If (*Continued on page* 42)

From Peggy

. . . casting directions:



angelface

Cast yourself as an angelface in this demurely scallopped, coat dress by "Jackie Hill" in Celanese fabric, glittered with a gold-braid belt, golden-tipped rosette buttons. Capsleeves, 12-gore skirt. Choose it in sunset-colored Flame Azalea, Smoky Gray or Mountain Pool Aqua.

Sizes 9 to 17 $12.95

pixie

Match your most mischievous moods with the pixiest plaid this side of Scotland, fashioned by "Jackie Hill" in wonderful, washable Dan River gingham. Made with flattering U-neckline and full, full pleated skirt. Your choice of red or blue plaid, highlighted with matching braided belt.

Sizes 9 to 15 $8.95

A penny postcard will put you on our mailing list.

"Miss America" Teen Shop

the boston store
joliet illinois

Miss America Teen Shop
THE BOSTON STORE, Joliet, Ill.

Please send me the Jackie Hill dresses indicated, in size and color checked below.

☐ 9 ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17

☐ ANGELFACE COLOR________________

☐ PIXIE COLOR________________

NAME________________

STREET________________

CITY________ZONE______STATE______

C.O.D.______ MONEY ORDER______ CHECK______

CHAMPION the BREAKFAST

"Y' gotta start off each day with a smile"
And a breakfast that's really worth while,
—or else you can start the other way,
And keep on frowning through the day!

by ann williams-heller

BREAKFAST—Webster's New International Dictionary; Second Edition, unabridged: The first meal in the day, or that which is eaten at the first meal. *Breakfast*—Any-teen's Practically-Universal Concept; 16th year Edition, unab: Coupla-swallows-orange-juice-while-tying-shoes-as-mother-stands-by-with-buttered-toast-periodically-inserting-same-in-mouth,-until-it's-time-to-dash-out-door,-at-which-time-she-thrusts-remainder-into-hand-not-buttoning-jacket, period.

And that's the (*Continued on page 56*)

White TAKES A BOW

Piquant pique† by Teentimers gets top honors for its never-failing crispness, its spic and span starchiness. See it now with Irish lace trimming its collar, its pockets—ready to take you from diploma to date after date the whole summer through. White only, sizes 10 to 16. Made exclusively for Miller Bros.

† Sanforized, residual shrinkage 1%

** Trademark Registered*

7.98

Teentimer* OHriginals

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

MILLER BROS., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Please send me............... TEENTIMER dresses, as advertised in Miss America, in size..........at $7.98 each.

Name...

Address...

City and State...

IN THE NEW MOOD OF THE SOUTH

Miller Bros Co

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

and Suddenly she knew . . .

LUCY spooned the soft yellow of her poached egg over the crispy toast and reflected bitterly on the obvious injustice of life. From under her short, stubby lashes she eyed her sister across the table who was toying daintily with her coffee. The new permanent had turned Francine's hair into a feathery halo around her head. The well-shaped hand holding the coffee cup culminated in five burnished-rose fingertips. The wide and supple mouth was carefully accented with Reckless Red, and a pair of leather button earrings reminded the eye that here were a pair of superior ears.

And all I want, Lucy thought angrily, are a few measly permanent end curls. But no! No curls for me. My name isn't Francine. It makes a difference. She sighed and pushed her plate of poached eggs away.

"Lucy Renshaw, finish that egg."

Lucy eyed her mother balefully. "Francine doesn't have to eat eggs."

"Francine is watching her waistline," her mother said.

"And what about *my* waistline? I suppose it's all right if I develop three stomachs. It doesn't matter a bit if nobody ever suspects where my waistline is."

Her mother waved (*Continued on page* 43)

BUS STOP
ILLUSTRATED BY KIDDER

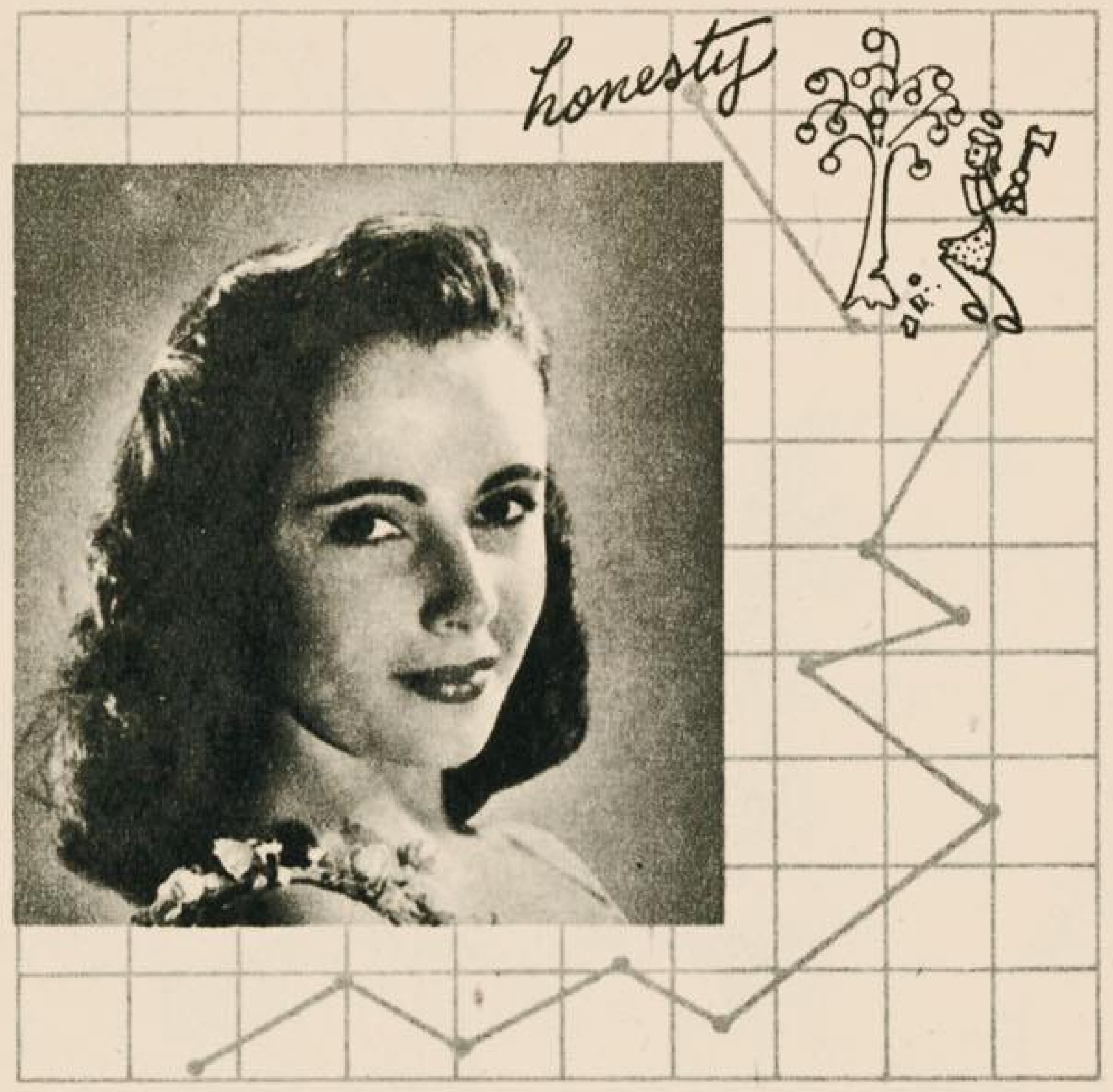
Lucy raised her hand in greeting, quickly dropped it. Too late—Francine had seen the laughing pair!

Being hand-me-down Lucy had its compensations . . . for all is not cakes and ale in this tit-for-tat growing up world of ours . . . a moving story of dawning responsibility

by rosalie f. wilson

POLL YOUR POPULARITY...

Find out what rates tops in teens, from some top-rating teens . . . Stop, look and listen here!



ELIZABETH TAYLOR
M-G-M star, seen in "The Rich Full Life."

friendliness

BETTY CORNELL
Most popular teen-age model.

SOME of Liz's best friends are—horses! To rate tops on her popularity poll, you'd probably have to be one of the sleek, slim-ankled animals—but since that is rather difficult, the very next best thing is to be a fundamentally honest human being.

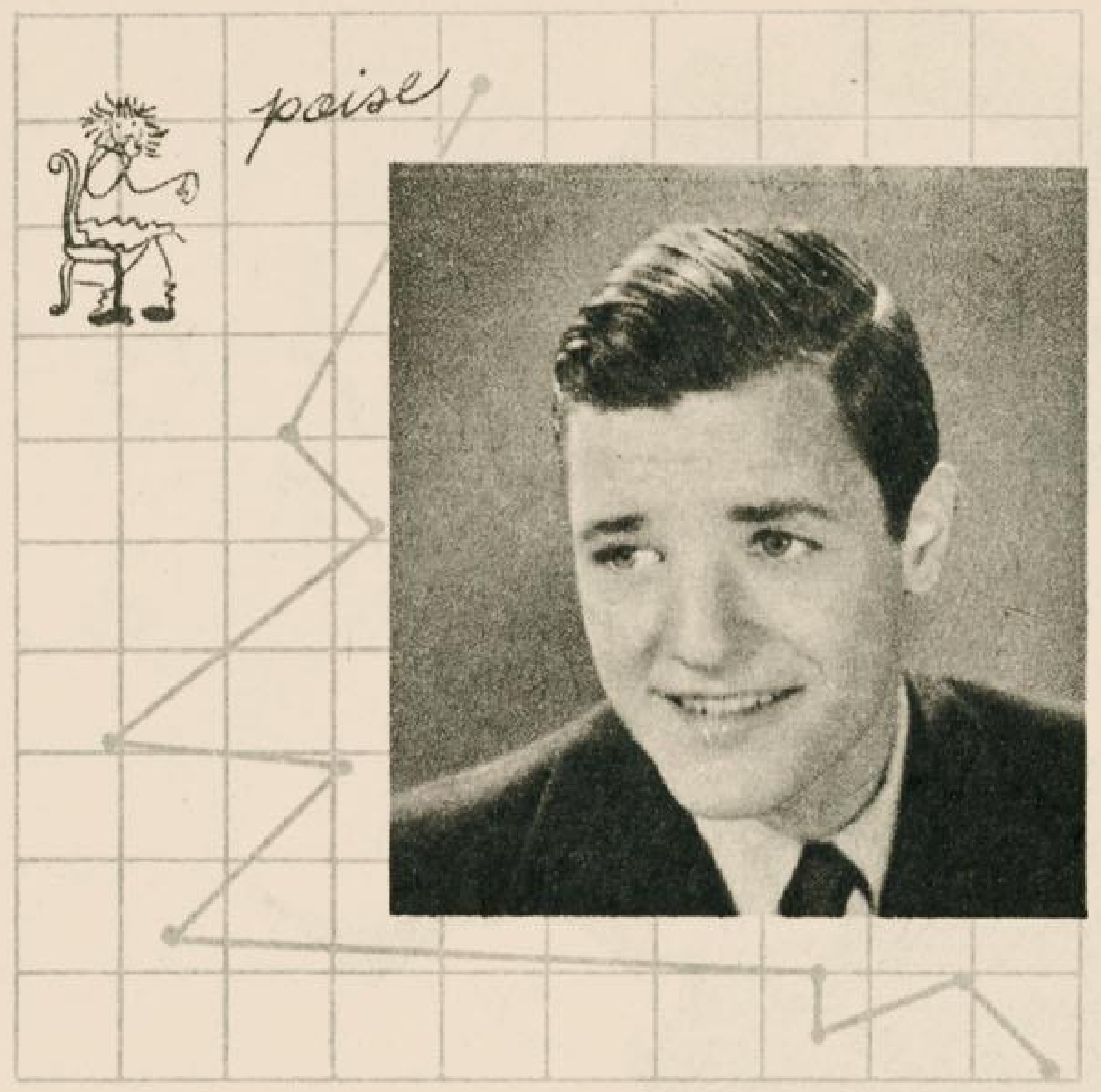
It's the type of honesty that extends beyond calling your teacher's attention to a minus-ten she missed up on when grading your paper; or giving the butcher back the extra dime he slipped into your change. It is reflected in the things you do, the things you say, and the clothes you wear. It's the type of honesty that says: This is *me*—that's all, period. But it's also a feminine type of honesty which adds the charming postscript: this is the *best* me!

Speaking more specifically, your clothes should be styled just for you, emphasizing your good points, reducing your faults. Your complexion should glow from the earnest efforts of sufficient vitamins, sleep, fresh air—and an abundance of soap and water. Your relations with friends, family, *everybody* should be on a fair and square level—keeping your conscience's working hours down to an absolute minimum. This, Elizabeth feels about teen-agers in general—and herself, in particular.

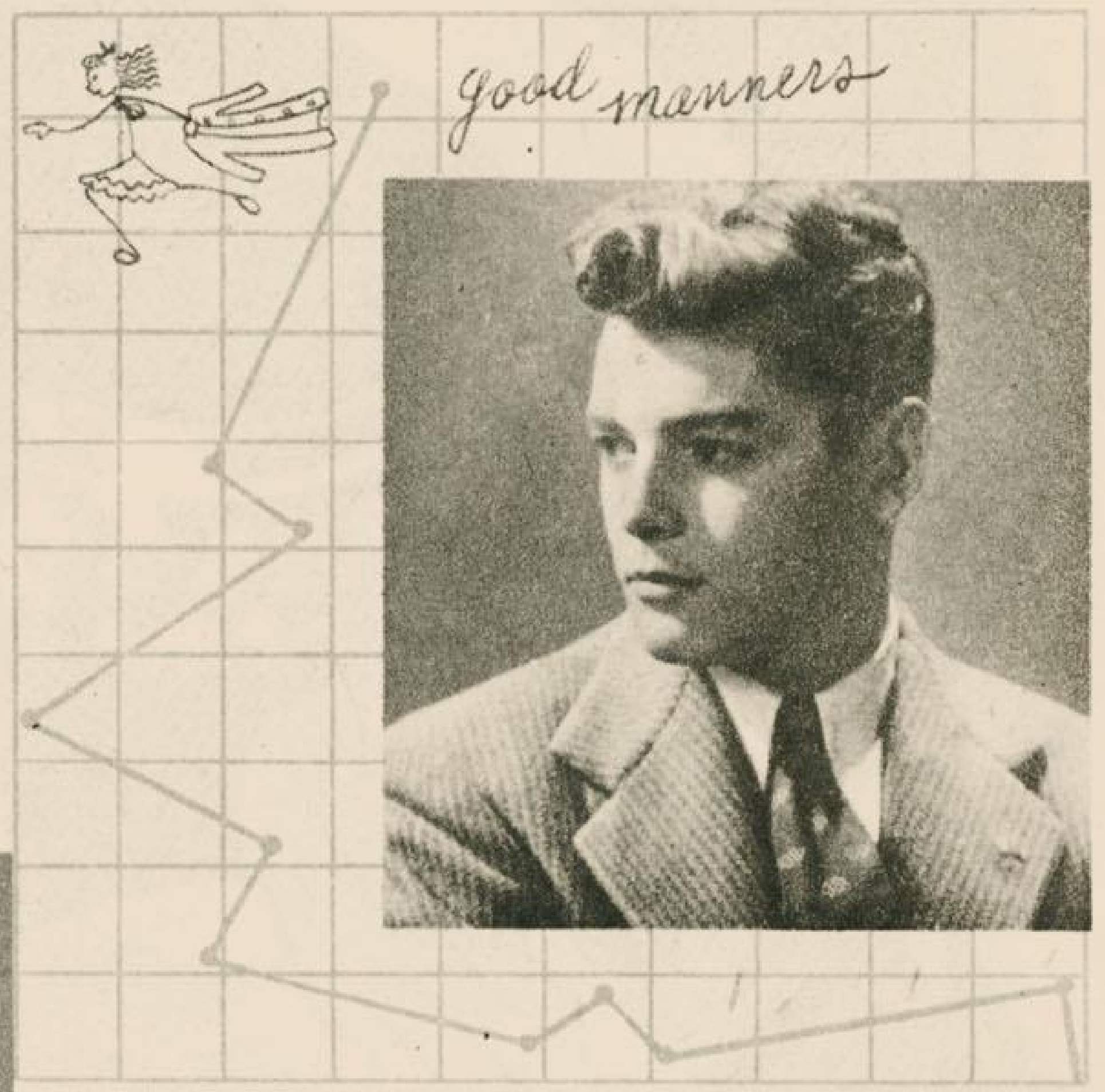
DICK LONG'S a slender, sensitive-looking guy, with a friendly grin, that'd charm circles around anyone who sees it (which is usually what happens)—but quite emphatically admits he's no "pretty-boy"! And he doesn't expect a girl to be a "glitter-puss," either. So long as she's attractive and possesses an amiability to match his own—or one to come close, anyway, since it would be difficult to duplicate his natural affability. He enjoys the "slow and easy" method of doing things—likes his girls ditto, always relaxed. The sight of a harried, hurried female—hair astray, stockings awry, blouse-tails flapping in the breeze makes him cringe inwardly (and outwardly, too, he'll own up a little shame-facedly). Feels any girl can be attractive if she takes proper pains—gives this type more credit in his date ledger than the kind who's naturally good-looking, since the former is "smarter in a woman-ish sort of way." And which male, he asks, can resist the wiles of a woman?

And which female, we ask, can resist the guiles of Dick—not for Long, anyway . . .

Gene likes his ladies to act the part. The trouble with most girls is that (*Continued on page* 53)

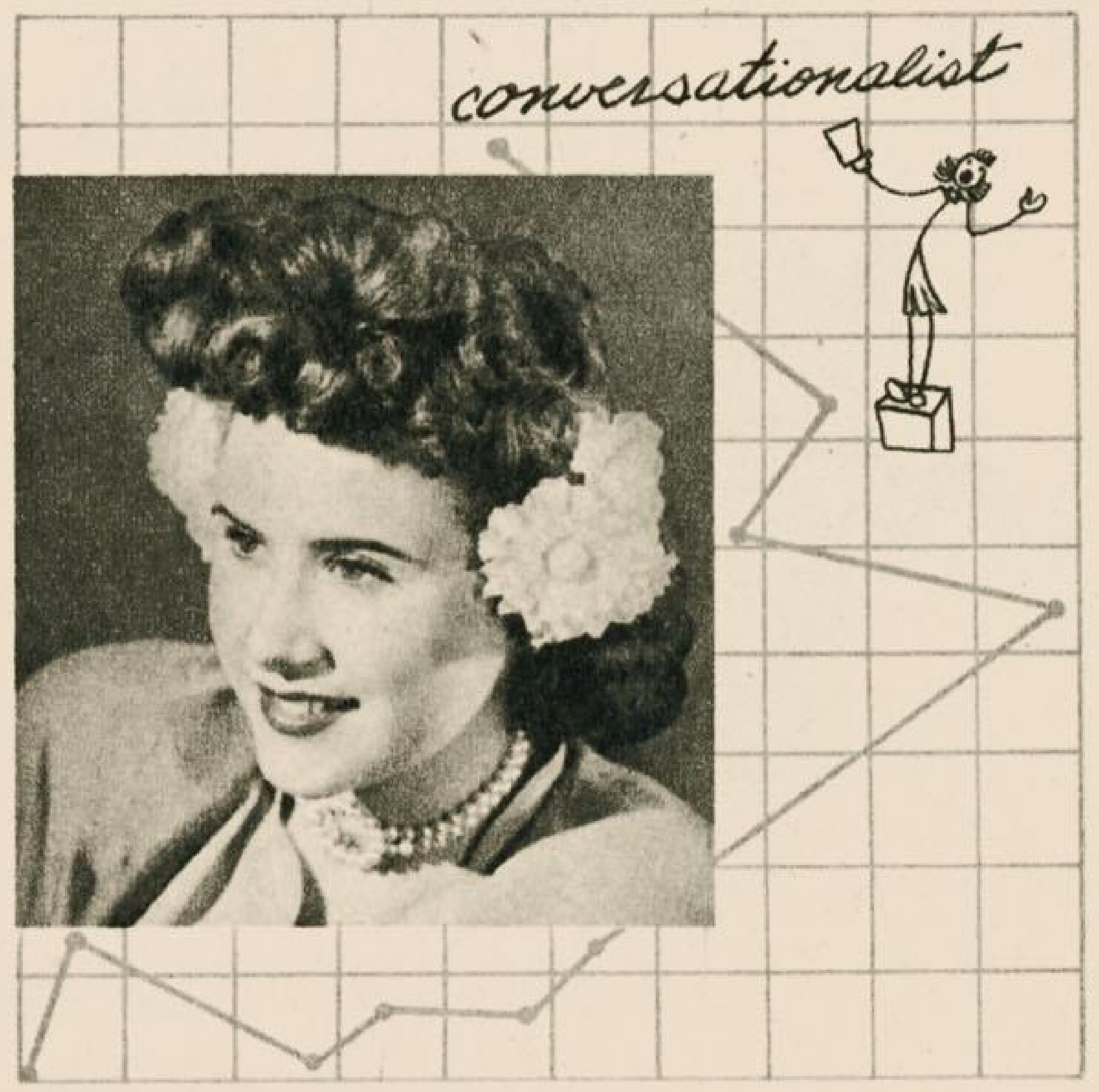


RICHARD LONG
Starring in Universal's "The Egg and I."



GENE McBRIDE
Winsome "model" man.

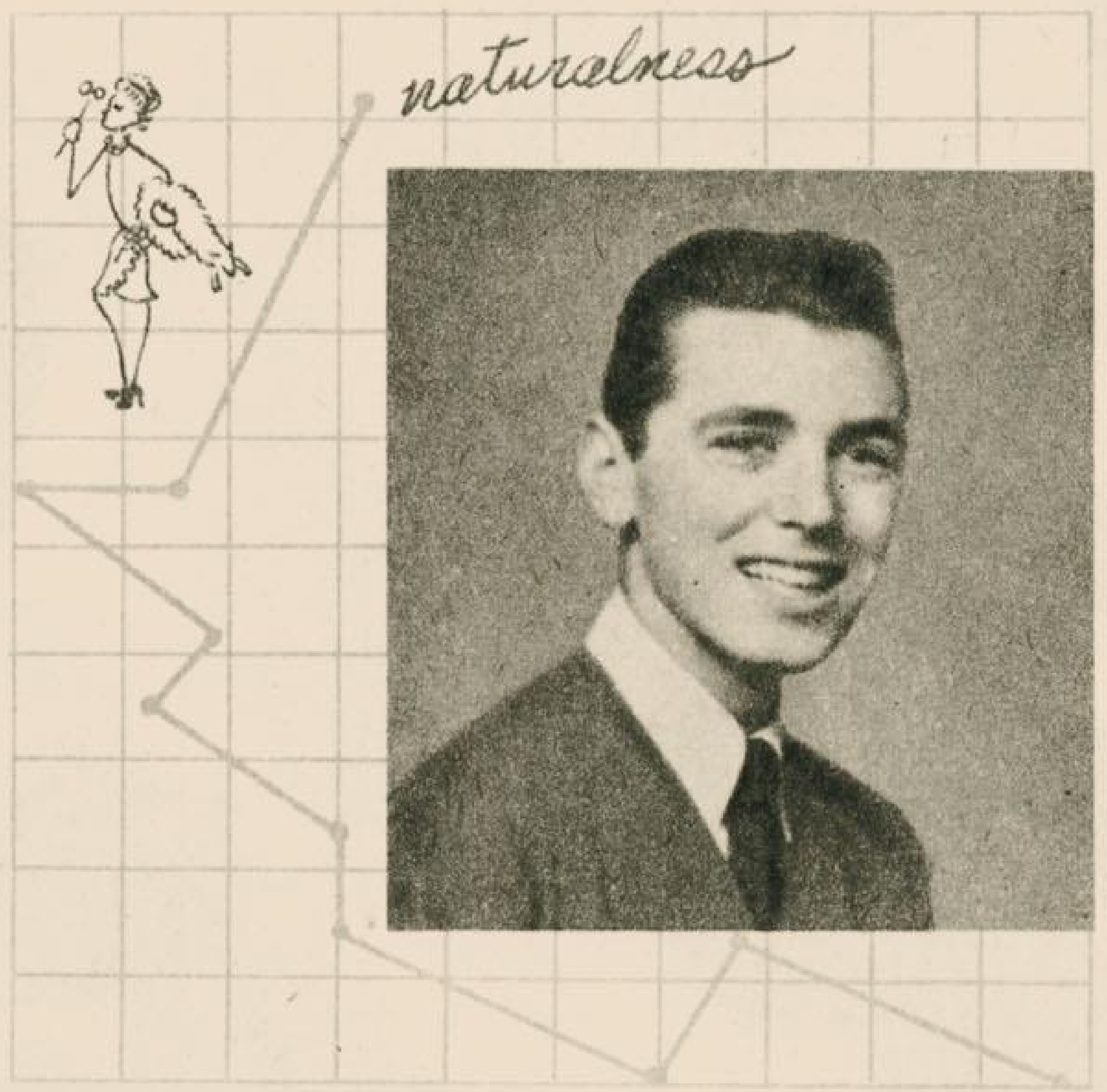
ANASTACIA STRONG
Pres. Miss America Club Chapter.



DOLORES CRAEG
WINS producer-writer-commentator-interviewer.

good sport
NBC

TOMMY COOK
"Junior" in NBC's "Life of Riley."



JAY SCHNAPP
President International Youth Council.

Talksy was speechless, with rage, as the officer gave Wordsy "the brush-off" "J-just, you wait!" she fumed, fist clenched.

the MAYOR, the PIGEON and the COP

When an irresistible trio meets an immovable duo there's sure to be fireworks . . . Such lovable characters as *Wordsy* and *Talksy* coming to grips with the law makes required reading

by s. little

111 Wooster Avenue
Edwardton, Little Falls

The Hon. Winthrop O'Gallagher, Mayor,
City Hall
Dear Mr. Mayor:

I hope you are not counting on my vote if you are trying to get elected again five years from now when I am 21, because I intend to vote "No" for you, Mr. O'Gallagher. As I told Talksy Lesch after what happened last Sunday, "I can hardly wait until 1952 so that I can vote against Mayor O'Gallagher."

Talksy—she's my girl friend—said, "You are perfectly right, Wordsy, especially after what that policeman did to Joe." They call Talksy, Talksy, because she is the fastest talker on the girls' debating team at Offut High; and they call me Wordsy because I am almost likewise. We are having a debate with Southside next Saturday and if you want some real excitement, you ought to come—but I forgot. I am mad at you about Joe and I take back my invitation.

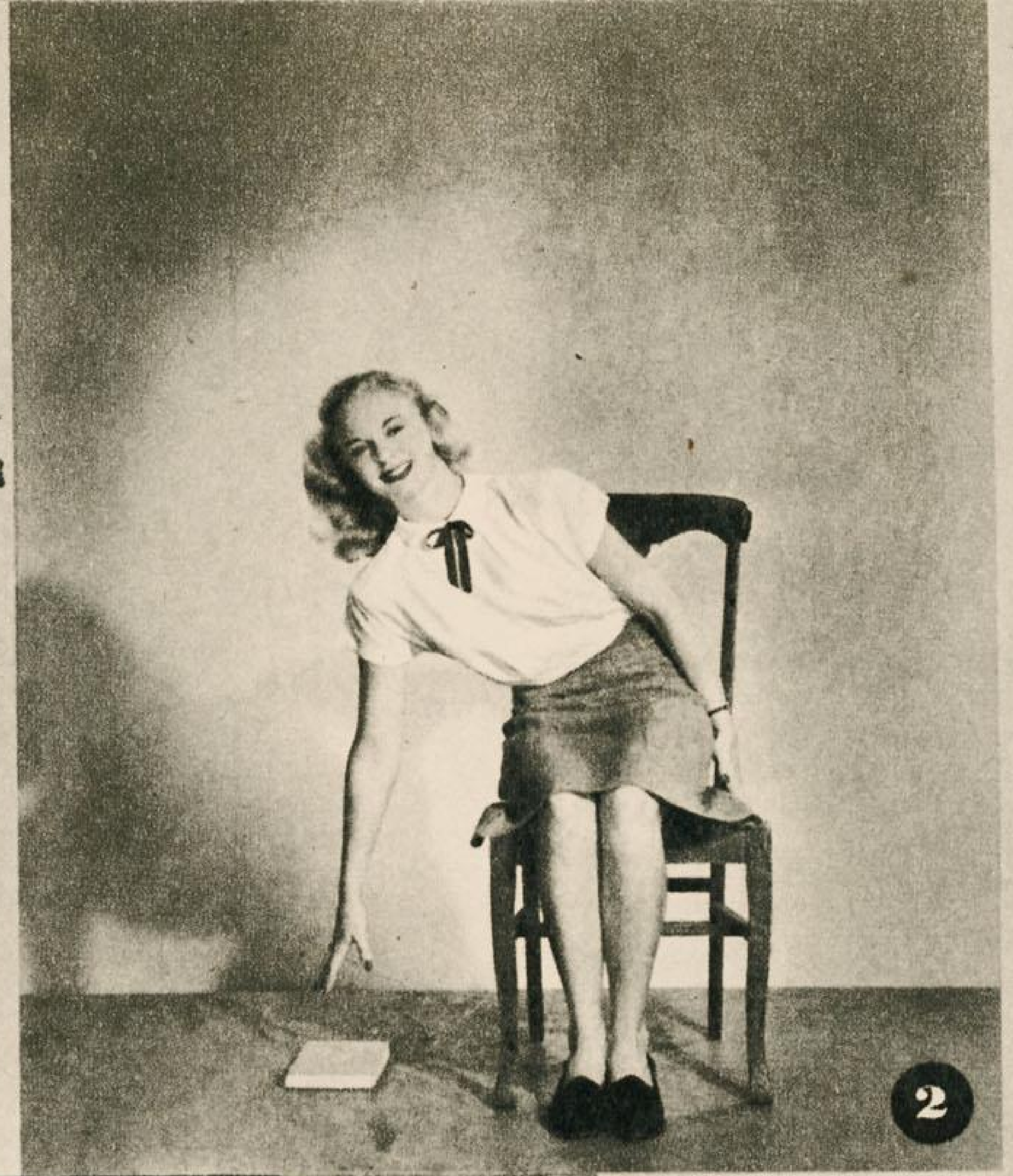
But first, so you will not think I am just another letter-writing crank, I must tell you about Joe.

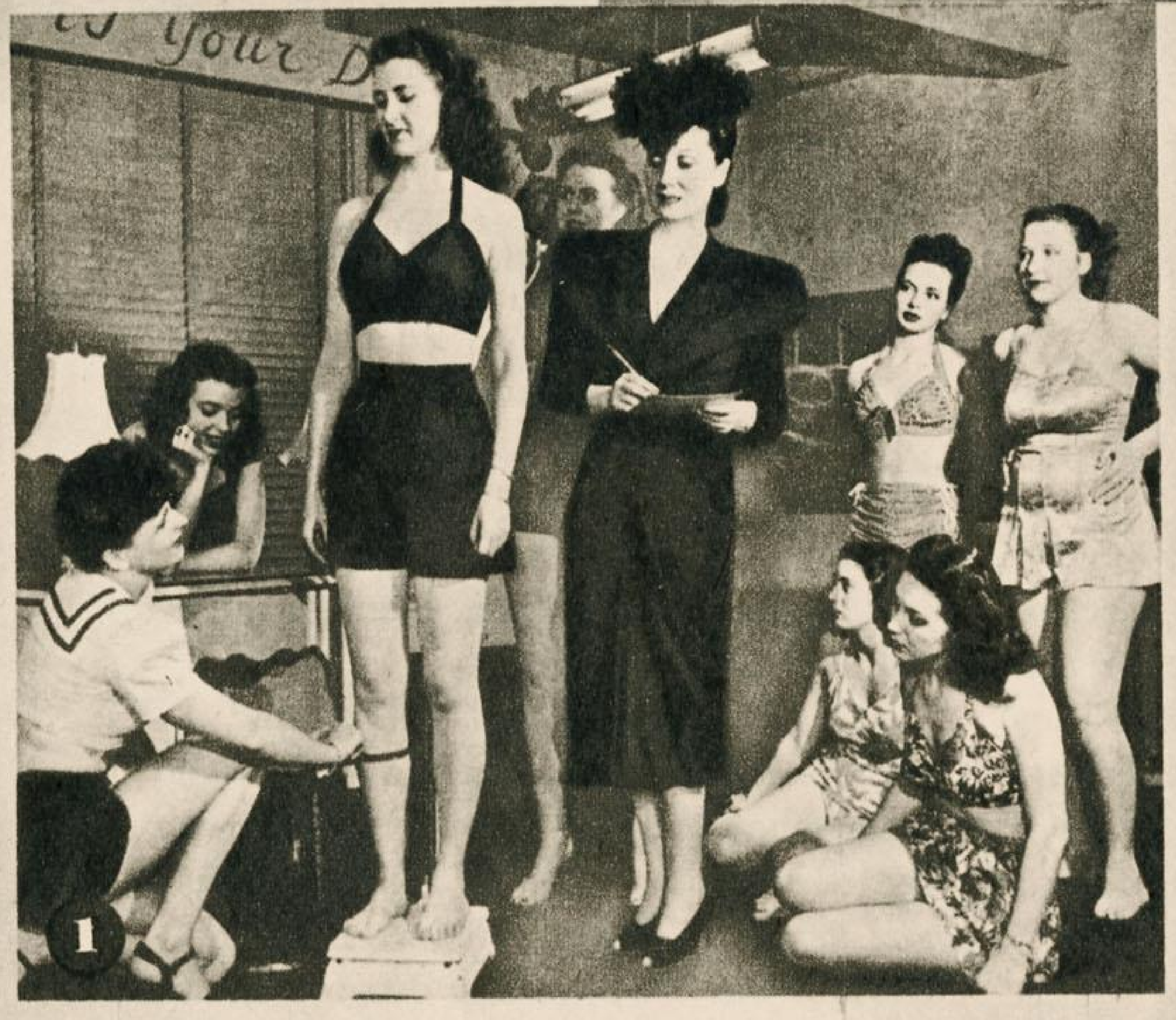
One day last winter Talksy and I were coming along Pinehurst Avenue from school and I was wearing my new coat that Mother got me for Christmas and my Roy Rogers rubber boots because it was the day after that big snow storm. The snow plows had been through Pinehurst and the snow was piled up so high that Talksy couldn't see across the street—she's only five feet one inch—but I could see the other side of the street if I stood on my toes a little.

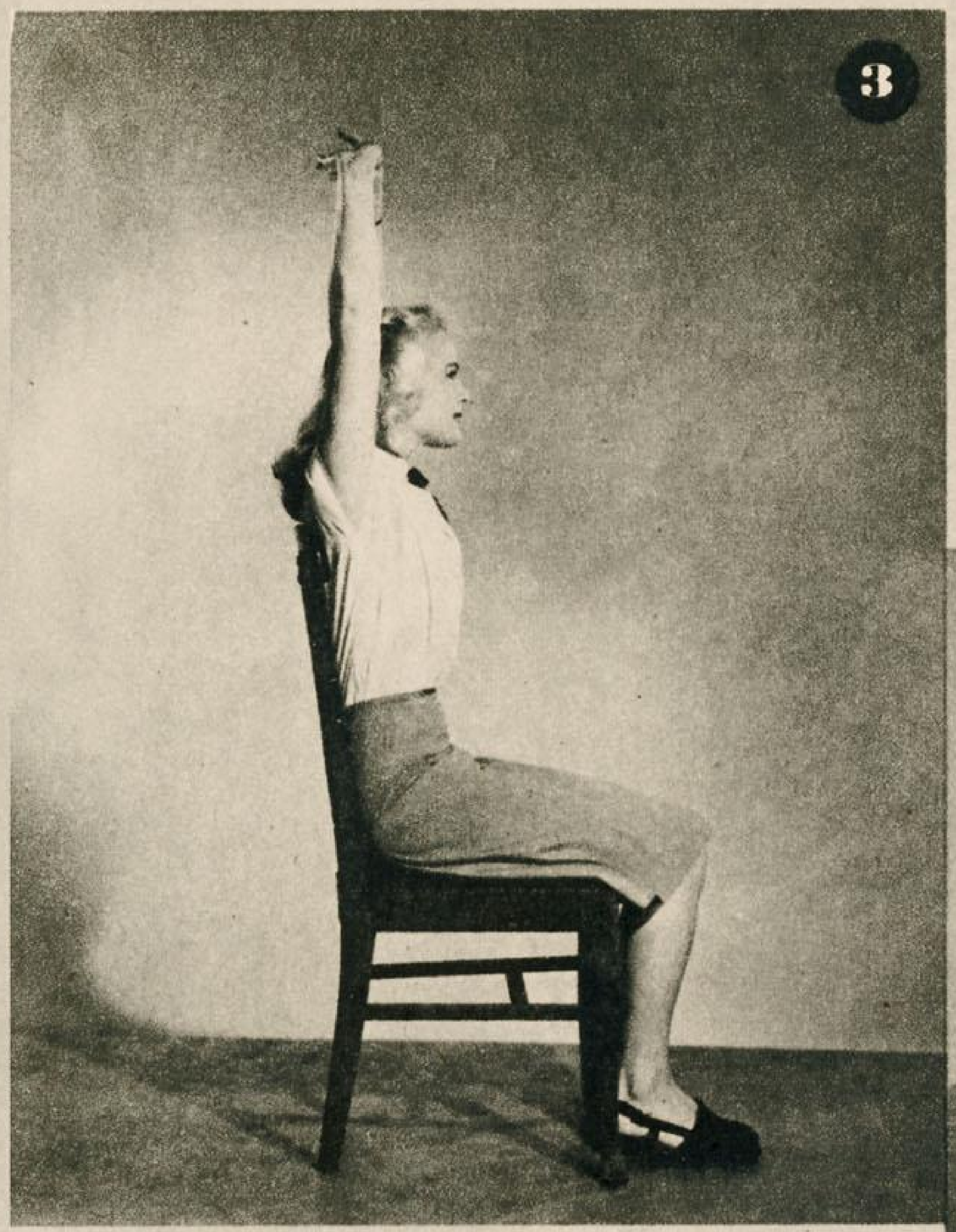
When we got opposite Biff Walker's house—he's (*Continued on page 58*)

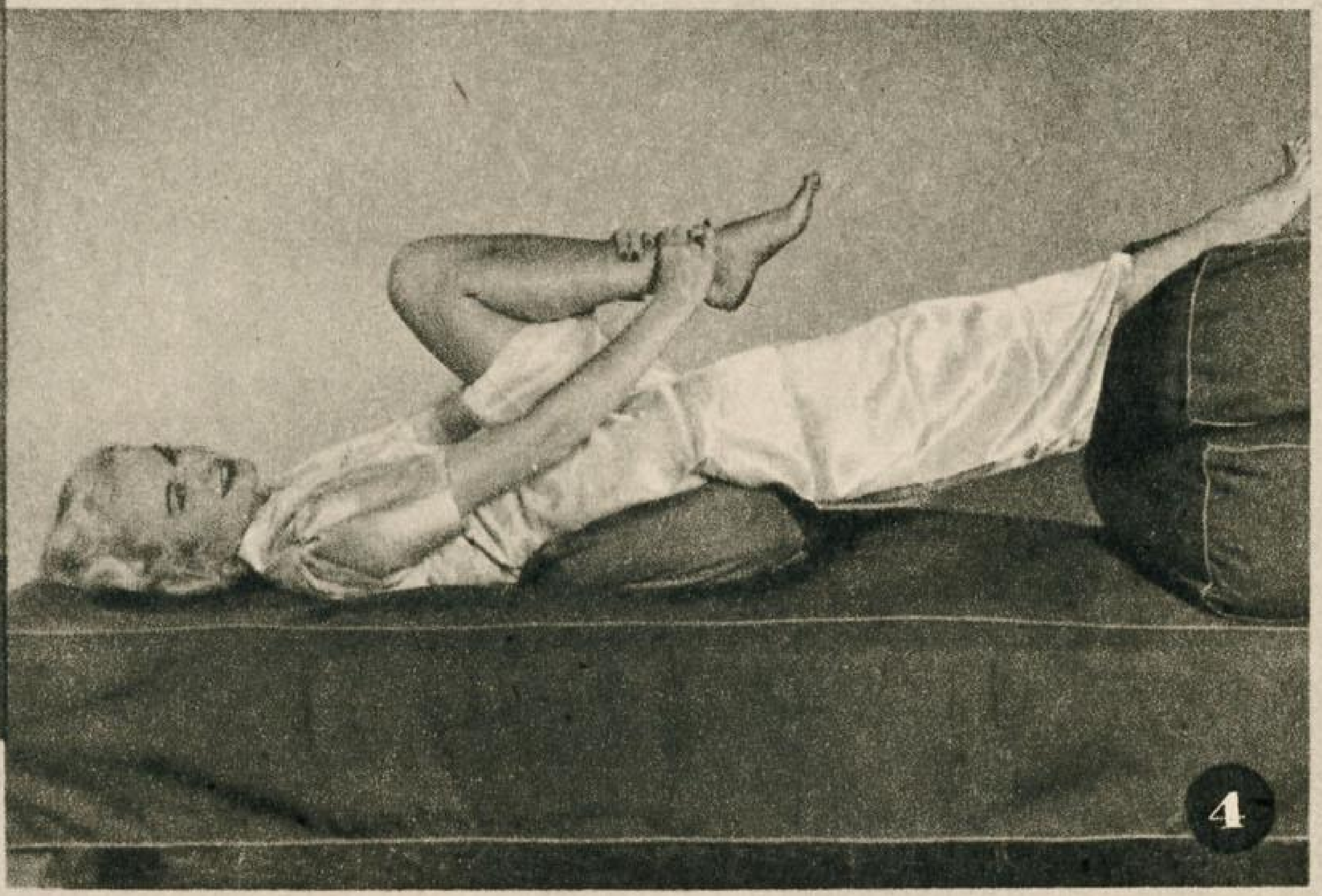
Transformation, Please...

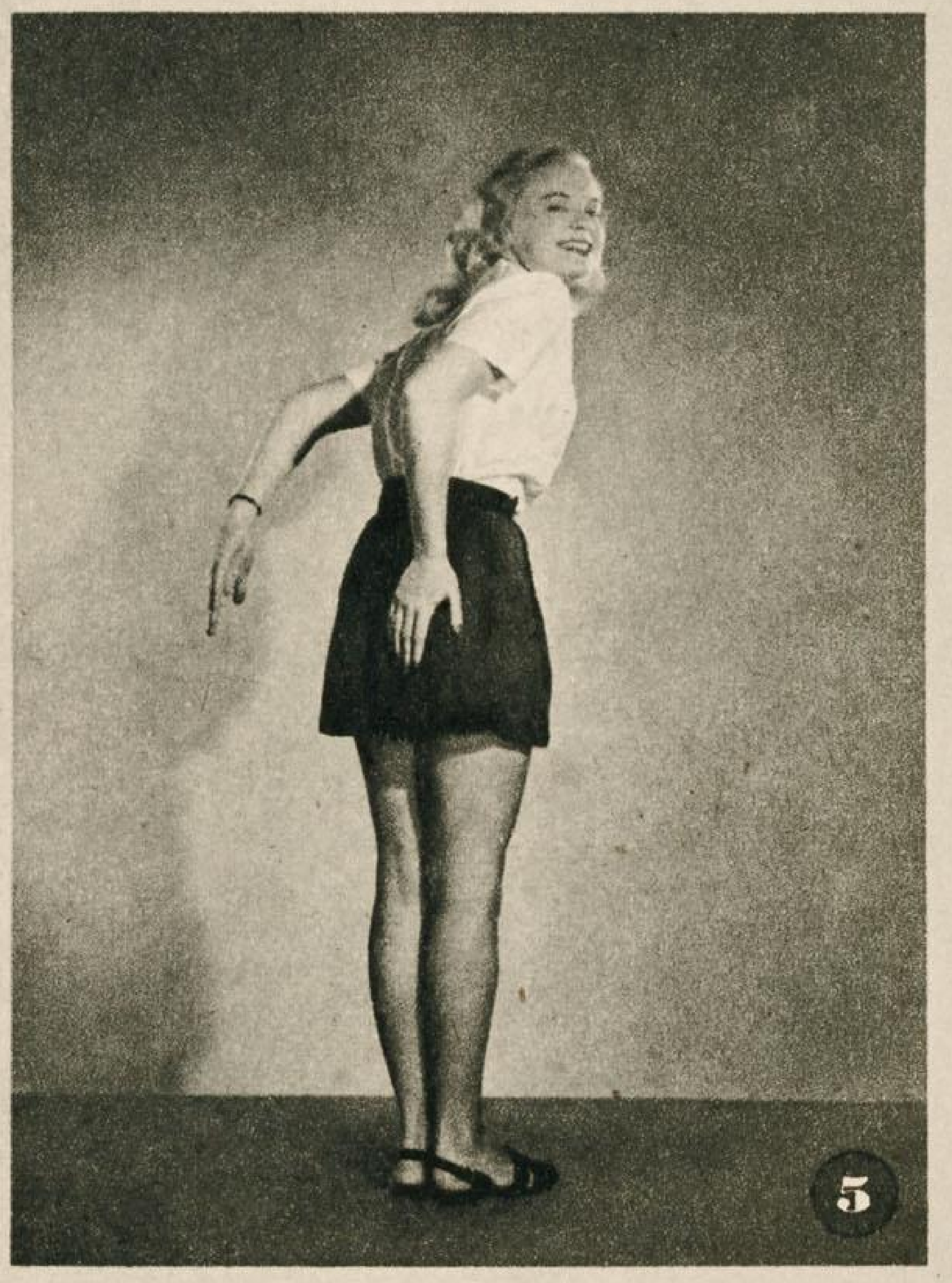
DUBARRY SUCCESS SCHOOL











1 Weighing in . . . A beginner's class is measured and analyzed at the DuBarry Success School, supervised by Miss Delafield.

2 Do you have a "matronly middle"? You won't if you keep at this book-placing exercise regularly.

3 Don't let round shoulders tag you as a droop. To help banish them, this exercise is detailed here.

4 "Campus legs" don't rate with "campus men." Let gravity (and massage) work for you. (see text.)

5 Paddle yourself hard as you possibly can (ouch!) on all those fleshy spots on hips, thighs, and calves.

"Beauty is your duty," says Ann Delafield, director of the DuBarry Success School, "your first and *form*-ost duty" . . . and cites here examples to prove her point . . .

by

mark quinn

ANN DELAFIELD is a tall, slender, beautifully-groomed brunette given to wearing fabulous hats. Also given, you might say, to helping just plain girls, period, become attractive, self-confident young women, exclamation mark.

Director of the swank DuBarry Success School, the willowy beauty-maker started her first "Debutante School" in 1937. Three years later, she initiated the "DuBarry Home Success School" so that the fair sex all over the nation could work out beauty problems in their very own boudoirs. Over 275,000 subscribers have since regularly welcomed these "look lovelier" lessons along with their usual mail. At present, Miss Delafield is concentrating especially on teen-age beauty, which is *your* cue, so skid over here, Susy, and perk up an ear!

Because the majority of girls who seek advice, come to Miss Delafield with a "weighty" problem, her first job was to tackle one of the oldest bugaboos in reducing—the knotty question of how to eliminate the gaunt, hollowed face and flabby neck. After some experimentation, Miss Delafield discovered that placing the subject at a 40-degree angle with her feet up and head down would combat this bogey. In this manner, the blood is forced to surge through the tissues and carry away waste products, at the same time keeping the neck and face contours firm—even when a hundred pounds have been eliminated. The increased circulation and drawing away of congestion also improves the legs.

Diet, too, is so very vital in helping to make the scales beam happily. "Fruits, vegetables and vitamin-packed foods are as tasty as sweets and starches, once you've grown accustomed to them," Miss Delafield advises. "For a well-balanced (*Continued on page* 36)

TAKE YOUR BOW, WINNERS!...in MA's design contest

sponsored by Soap'n'Water* Fabrics

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

1.

a

Here they are! Clothes designed by you—for you! And judged the winners from more than 20,000 entries! They're in Soap 'n' Water unconditionally washable fabrics. You can go or write to the stores on page 66.*

1. Winning dress (see it on our cover) has exciting design inspiration in its diagonally buttoned white yoke. Take your choice of gray, aqua or banana. About $8. Dell Town Fashions.

2. Blouse—with Barrymore collar, grosgrain bow, about $4 by Markay—and skirt of black Irelin with white embroidery defining the whirling peplum. About $5. By Derby Sportswear.

3. Peter Pan collared midriff top, pleated shorts and dirndl skirt make the winning combination for the playsuit. Top and shorts about $6, for both. Skirt about $4. Derby Sportswear.

California Cobblers' shoes. Werthley's clothespin jewelry.

a. Dress winner, Mary Jane Park of Peoria Heights, Illinois.

b. Blouse winner, Mary Garana, Corpus Christi, Texas.

c. Skirt winner, Jackie Marchant, Fairfield, California.

d. Playsuit winner, Jean Purdy, Saginaw, Michigan

b

2.

c

3.

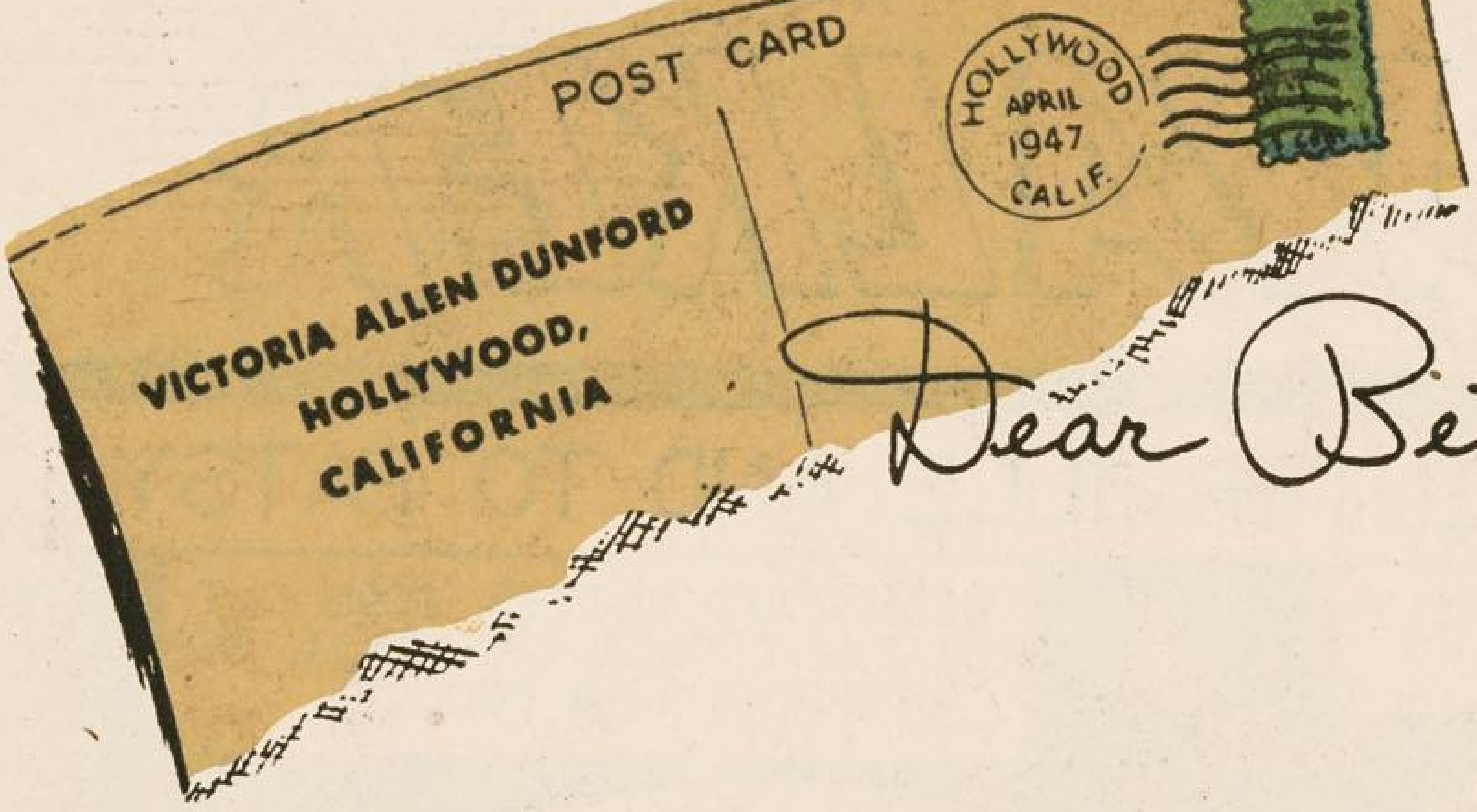
d

A "Teen-Age" CREATION CREATES A TEENSATION
Tab

Specially designed especially for YOU . . . Sleek (sharp) styles that will make you look good, and will make them look well—at YOU! . . . In a profusion of sizes to fit and flatter any figure: 2 to 6X—7 to 14—11 to 17 . . . Priced to suit a teen budget but a keen taste . . . At all smart stores. Write for the name of the nearest one—

"Teen-Age" Swimplay-Suits

1410 BROADWAY • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

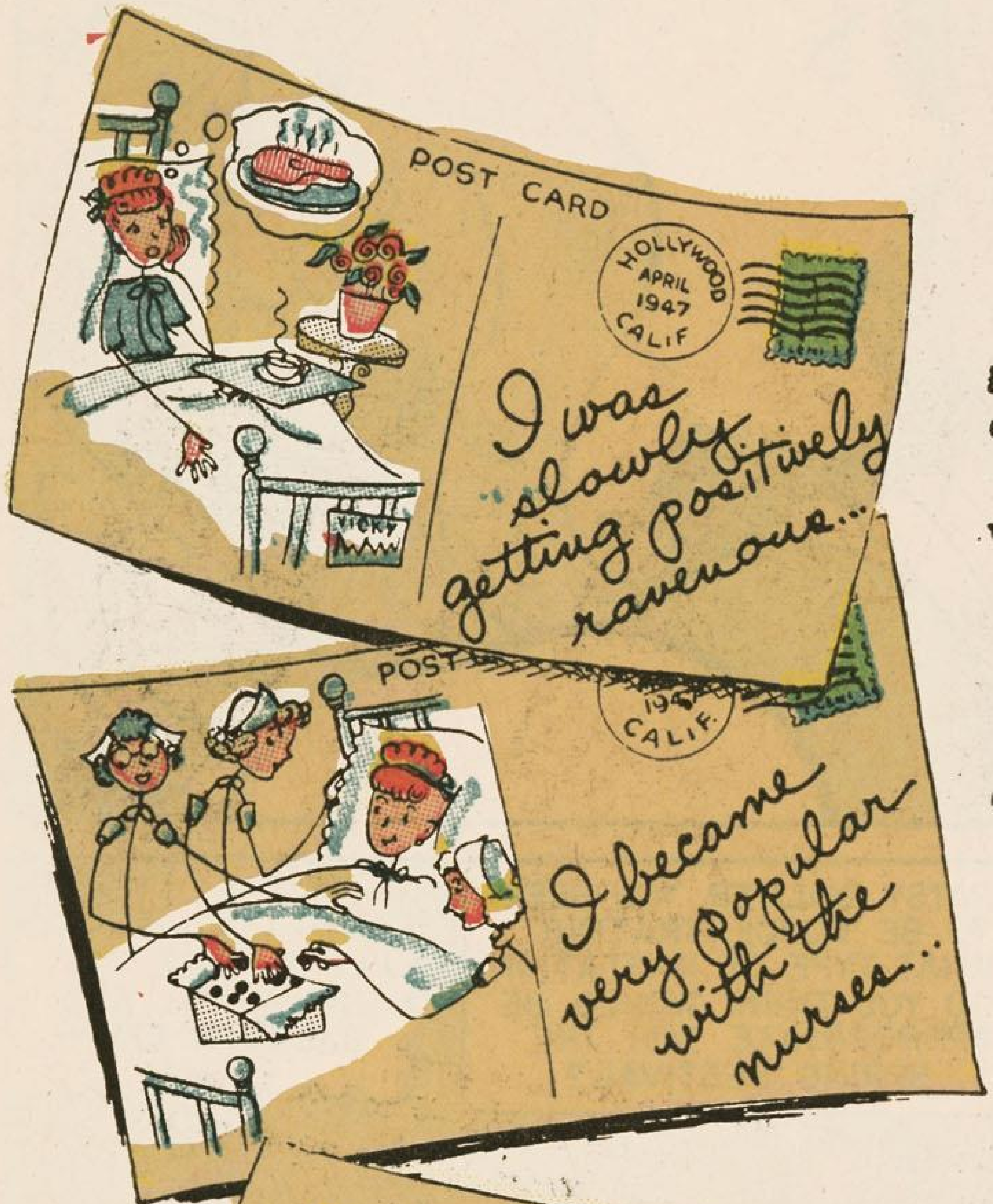

POST CARD
HOLLYWOOD APRIL 1947 CALIF.
VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD
HOLLYWOOD,
CALIFORNIA

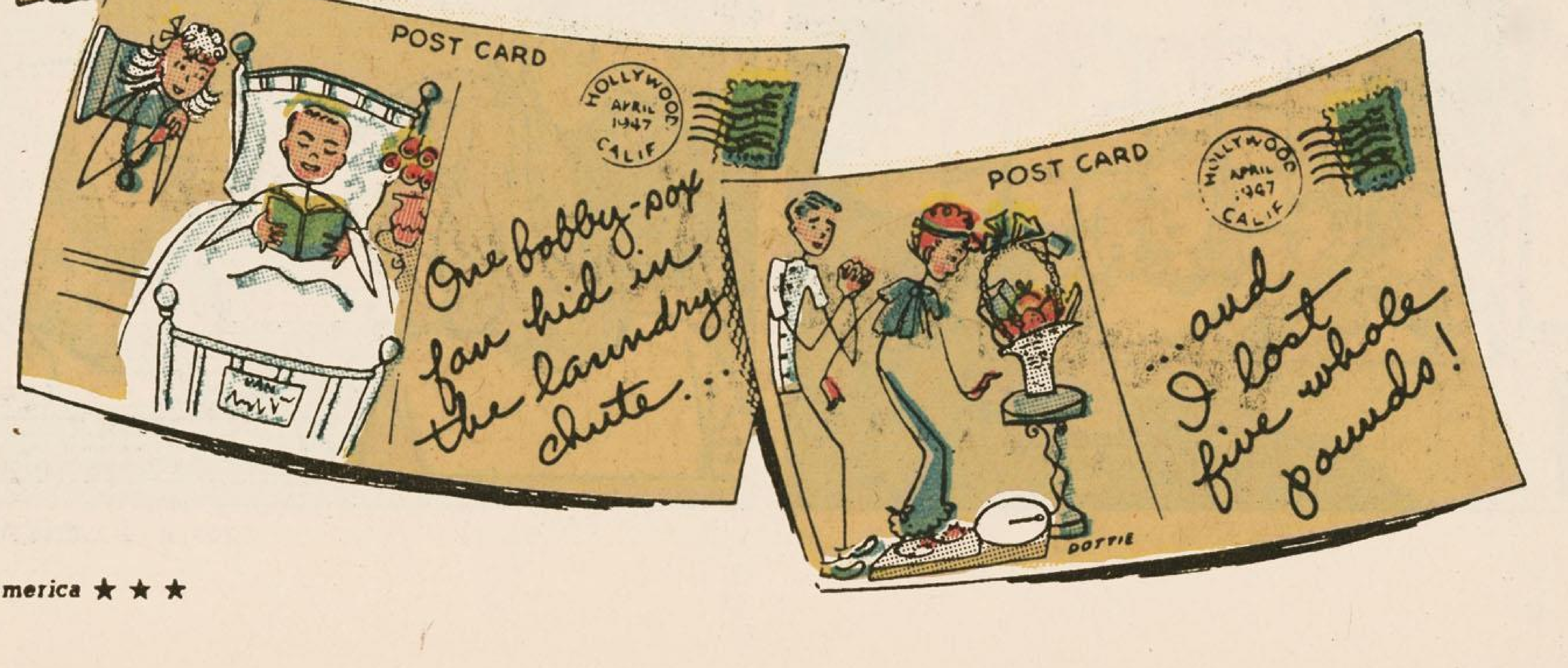
Dear Betty Ann—

Convalescing (in her own inimitable manner), Vicky discovers that: (a) hospitals can be fun; (b) convalescing can be likewise; AND (c) she's in "Van Johnson's hospital," no less!!

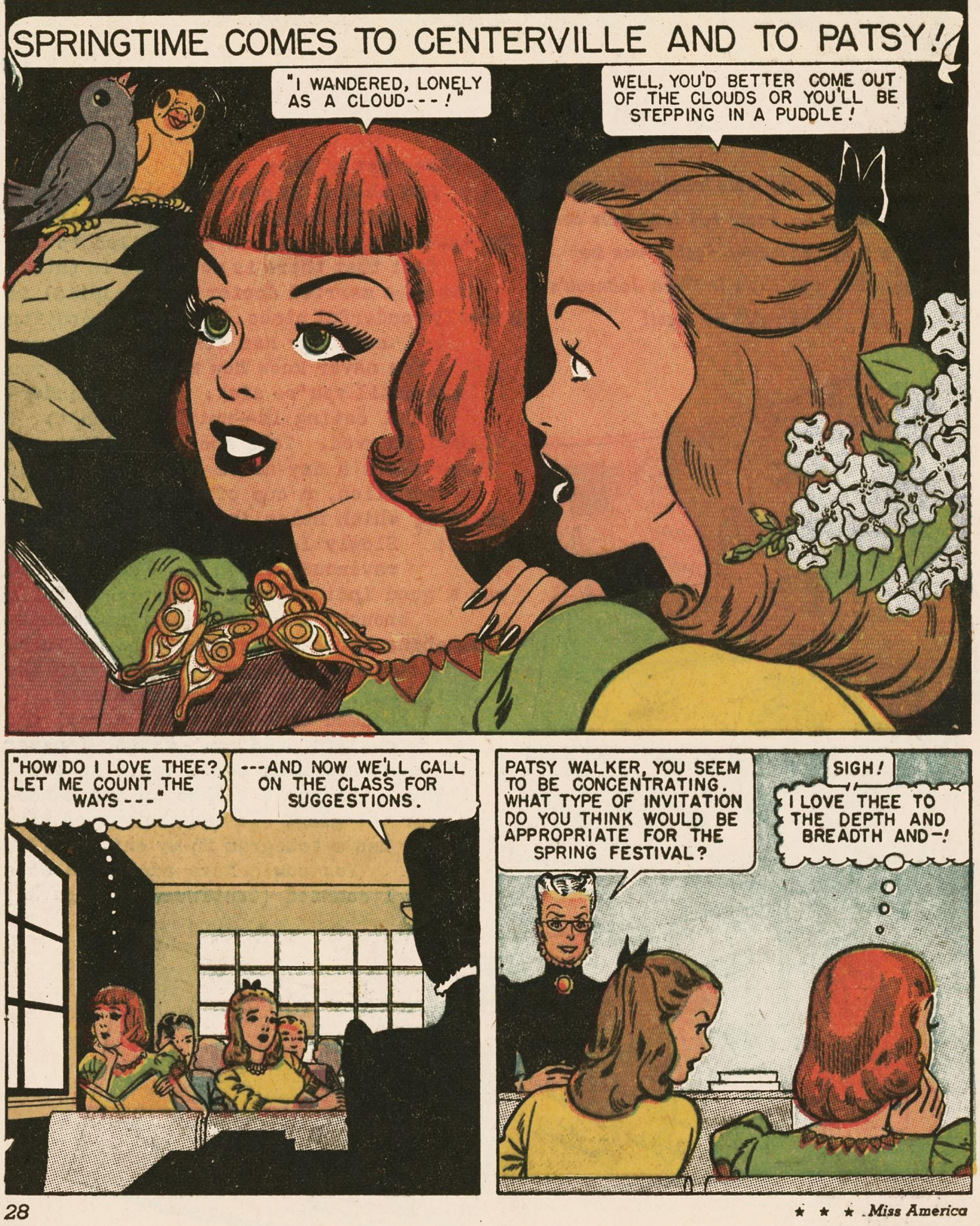
Dear Betty Ann:

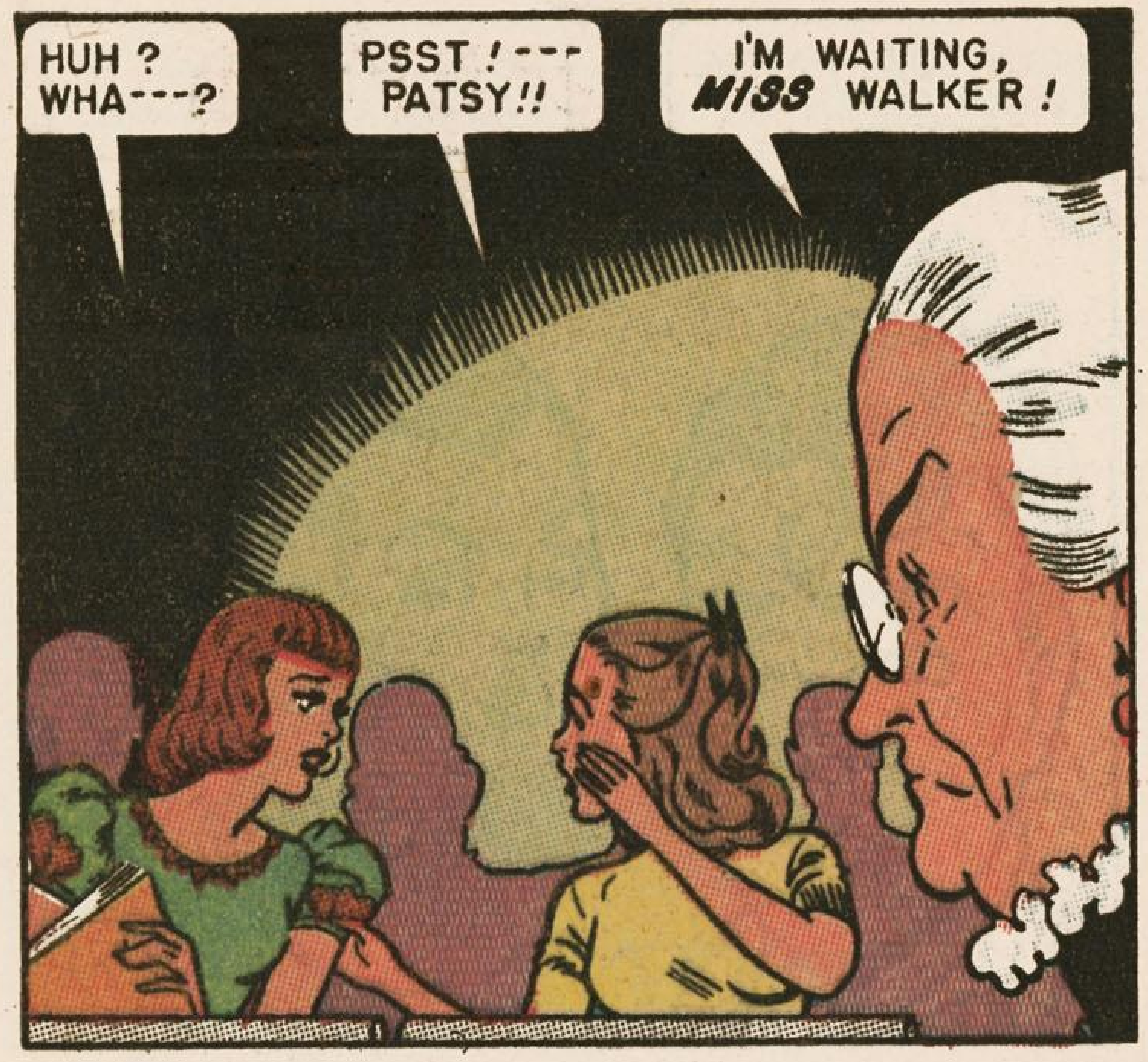
Now that I am over my terrific crush on Dr. Roberts, who officiated at my appendectomy, and am reconciled to the fact that there is no future in thinking of a married doctor, the hospital is a really wonderful place. Having an operation actually has its compensations. You never know how many friends you have until you're sick. And how wonderful eating is--until you can't. I almost starved. Talk about liquid diets! Three times a day all I got was a cup of boullion, a cup of tea and a cup of gelatin, which melts into liquid when you eat it. Slowly I was becoming positively ravenous, which Dr. Roberts said was a good indication I'd survive. Sally brought a box of candy and sneak-munching three chocolates sent my tummy into convulsions. Finally on the fourth day, Nurse brought me a menu. I ordered creamed chicken, peas, a roll and custard pudding. Betts, I never thought anything could taste so good! Then, the nurse walked in and handed me your telegram. It was the second time I'd ever had a telegram in my entire life! You could have added two more words. I counted (Continued on page 36)

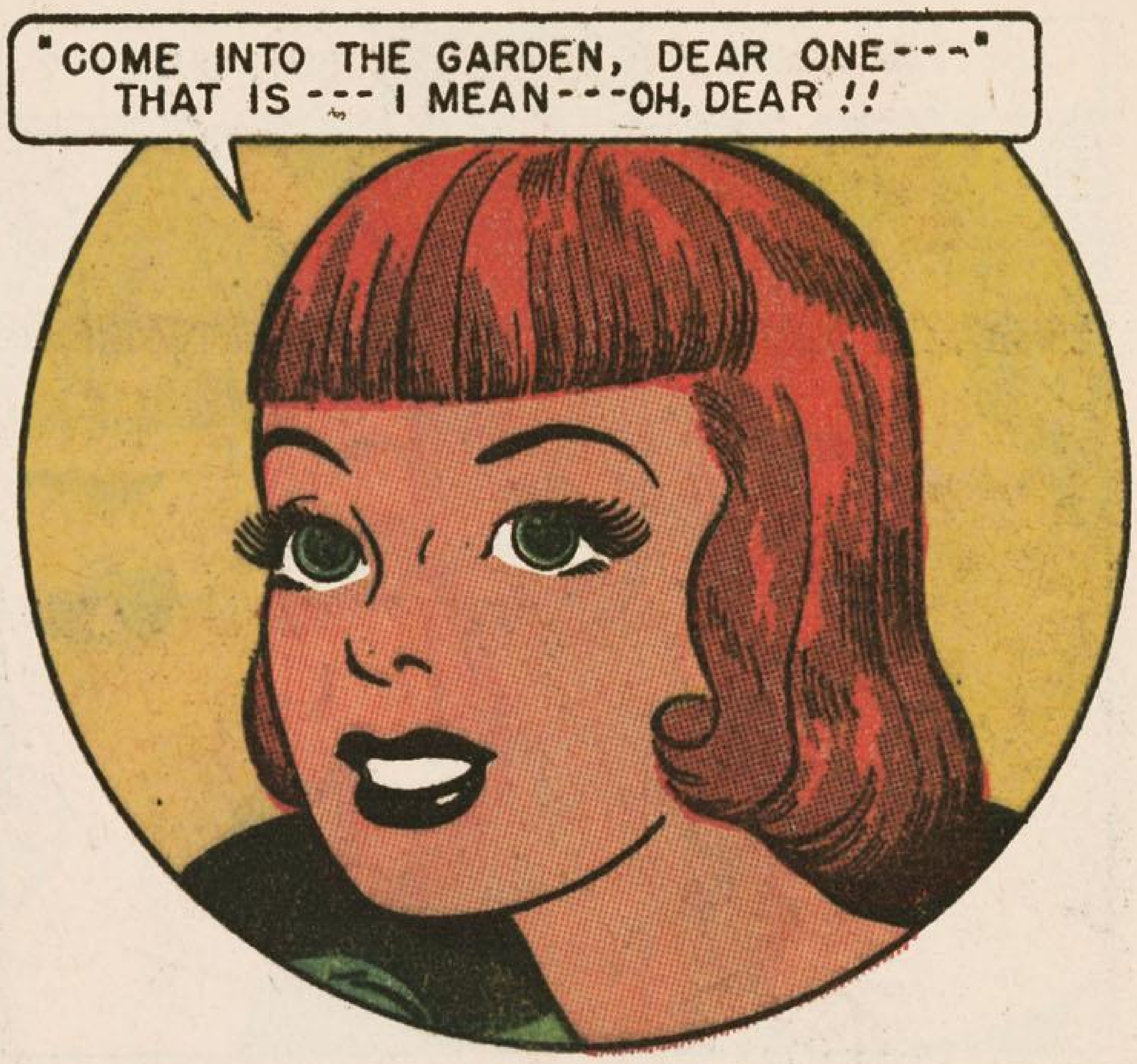

POST CARD
HOLLYWOOD APRIL 1947 CALIF.
VICKY
I was slowly getting positively ravenous...
POST
1947 CALIF.
I became very popular with the nurses...

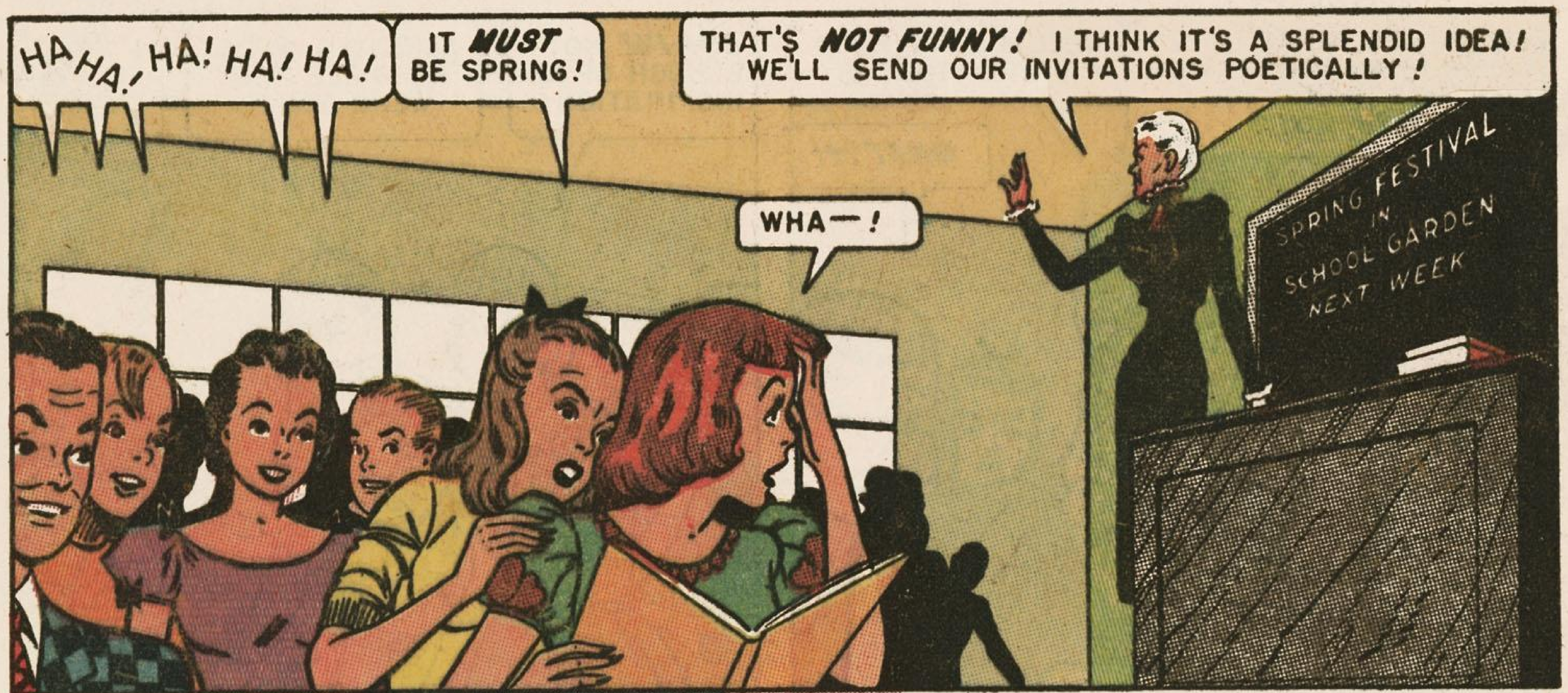

POST CARD
HOLLYWOOD APRIL 1947 CALIF.
VAN
One bobby-sox fan hid in the laundry chute...
POST CARD
HOLLYWOOD APRIL 1947 CALIF.
...and I lost five whole pounds!
DOTTIE

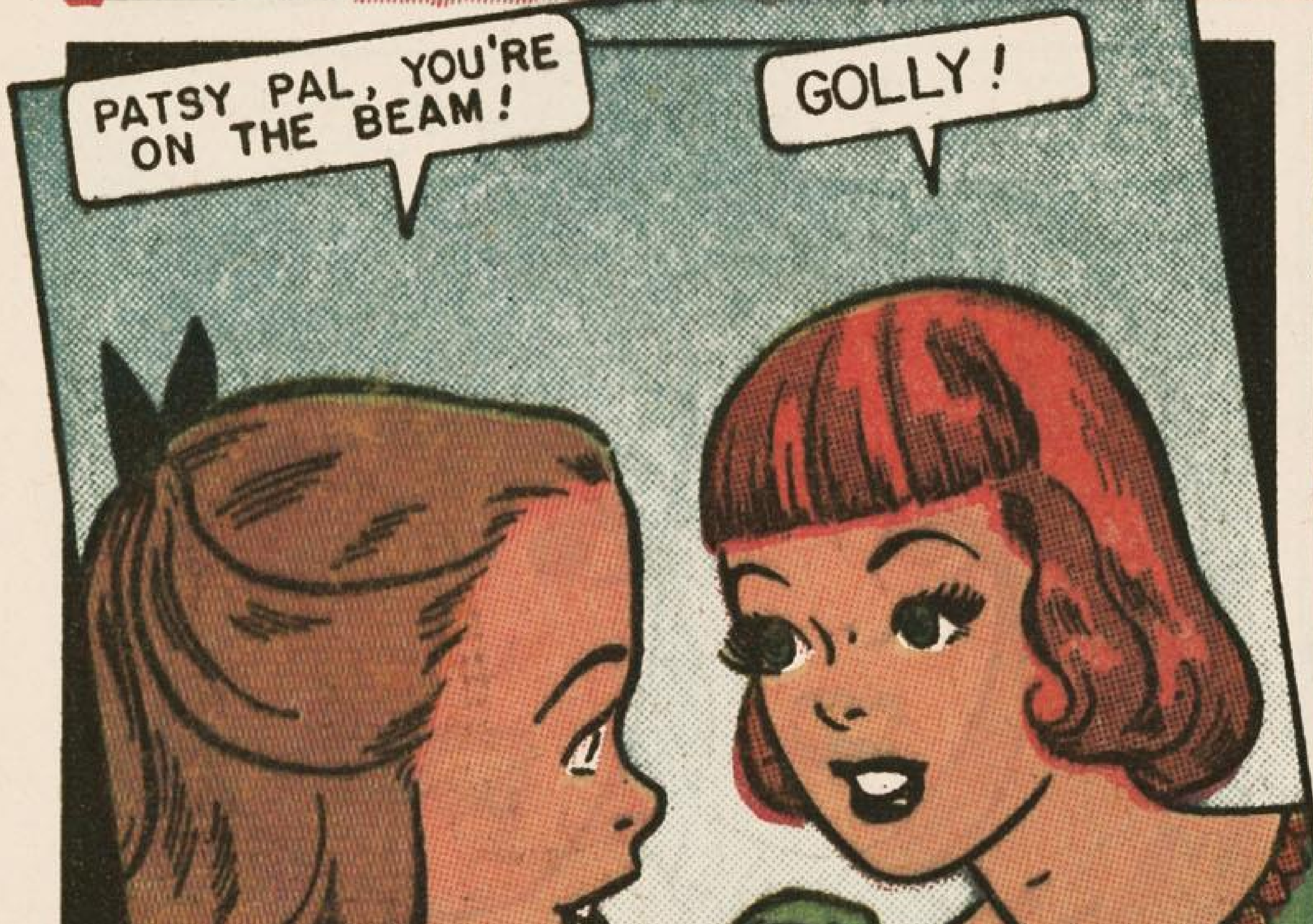
PATSY WALKER

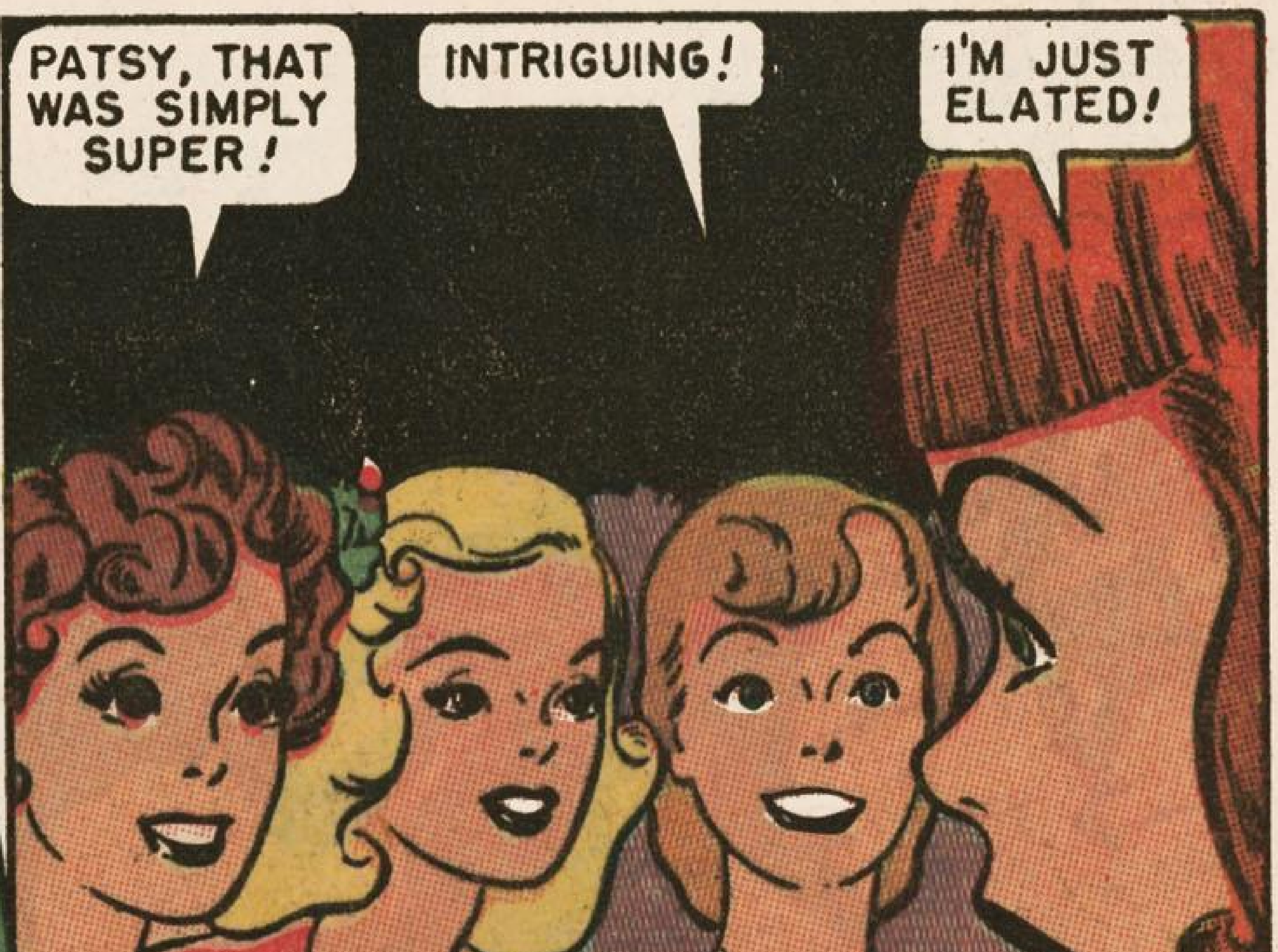

SPRINGTIME COMES TO CENTERVILLE AND TO PATSY!
"I WANDERED, LONELY AS A CLOUD---!"
WELL, YOU'D BETTER COME OUT OF THE CLOUDS OR YOU'LL BE STEPPING IN A PUDDLE!
"HOW DO I LOVE THEE? LET ME COUNT THE WAYS---"
---AND NOW WE'LL CALL ON THE CLASS FOR SUGGESTIONS.
PATSY WALKER, YOU SEEM TO BE CONCENTRATING. WHAT TYPE OF INVITATION DO YOU THINK WOULD BE APPROPRIATE FOR THE SPRING FESTIVAL?
SIGH!
I LOVE THEE TO THE DEPTH AND BREADTH AND-!

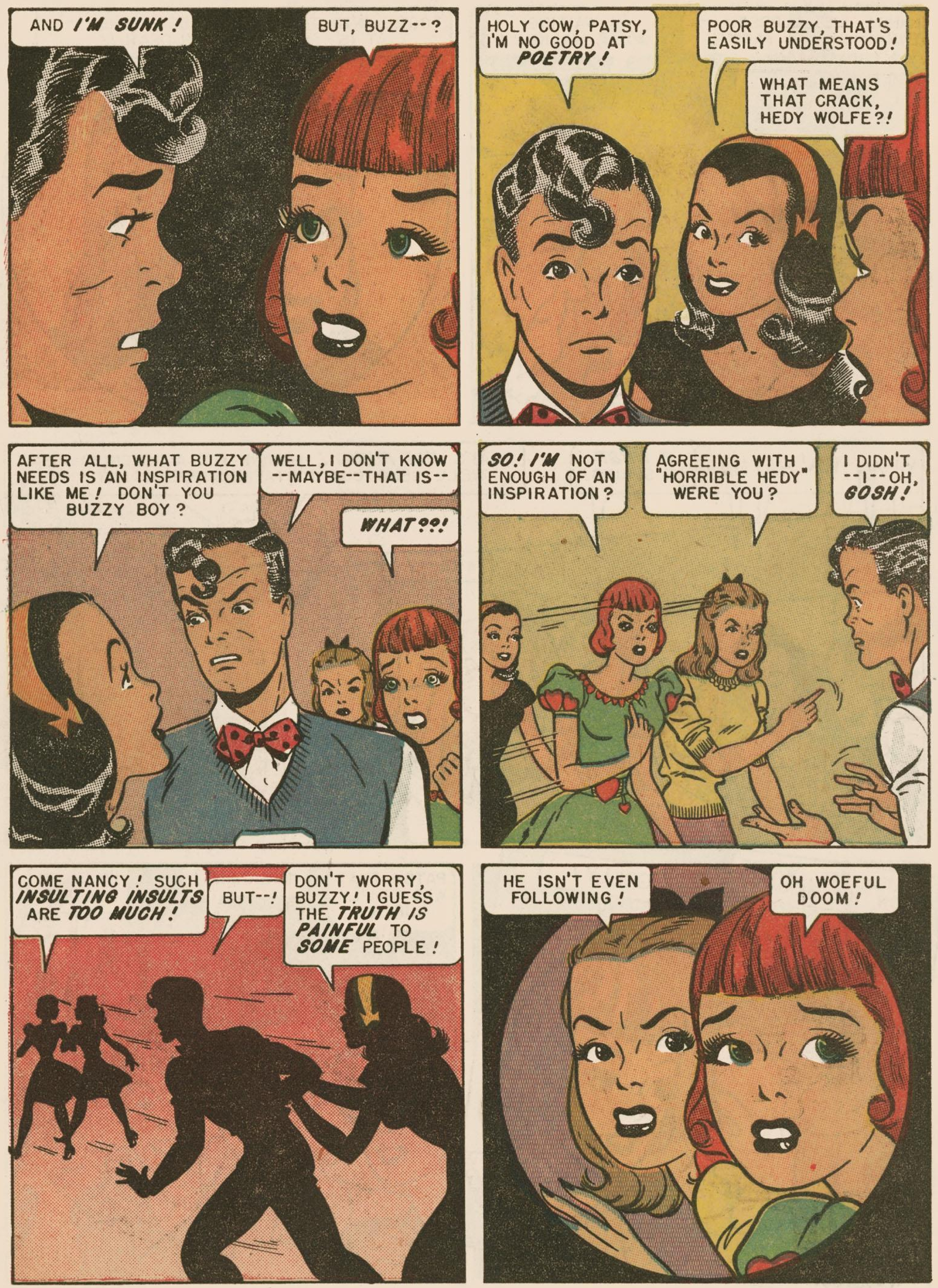

HUH ? WHA---?
PSST ! --- PATSY !!
I'M WAITING, *MISS* WALKER !

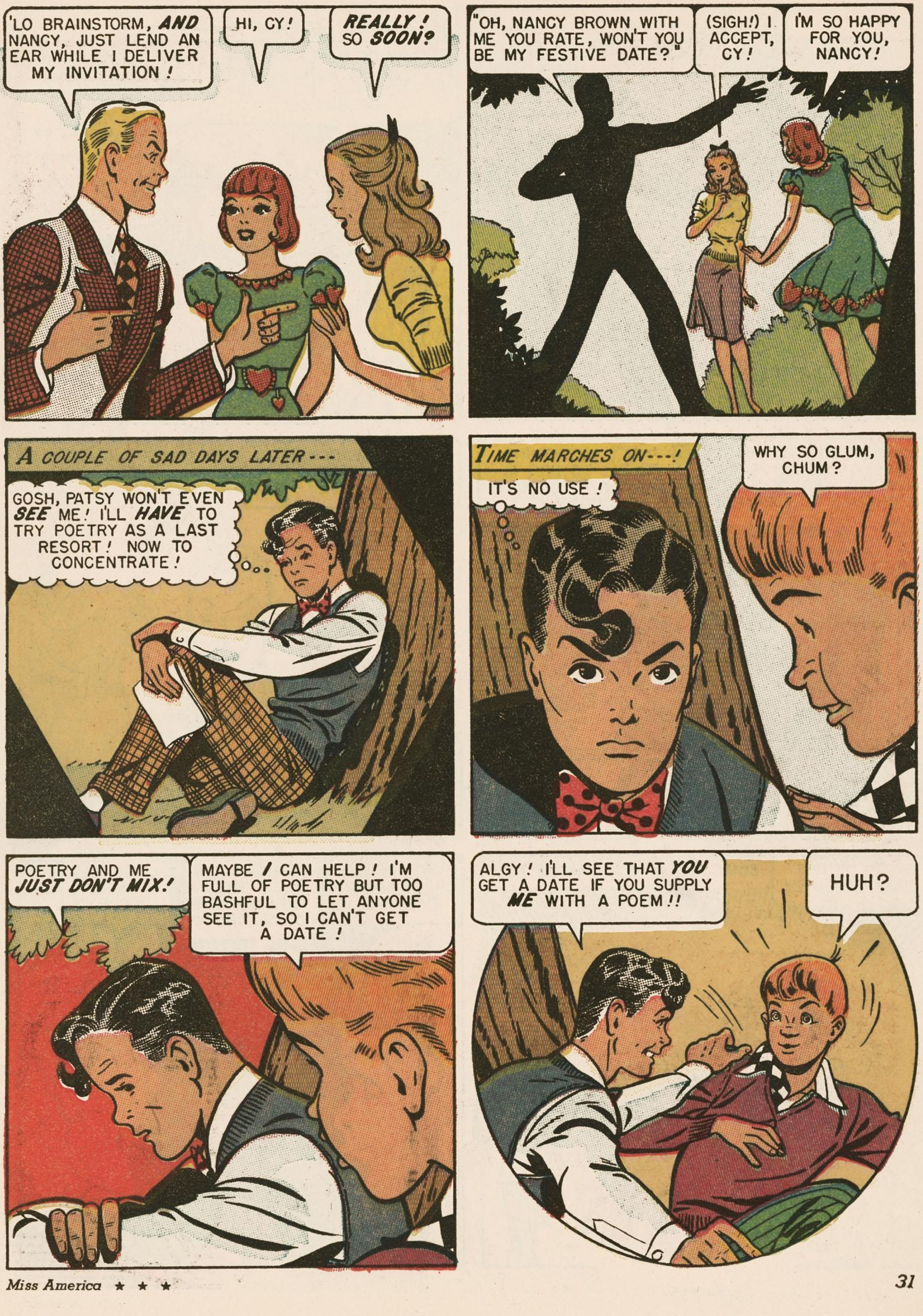

"COME INTO THE GARDEN, DEAR ONE---" THAT IS --- I MEAN---OH, DEAR !!

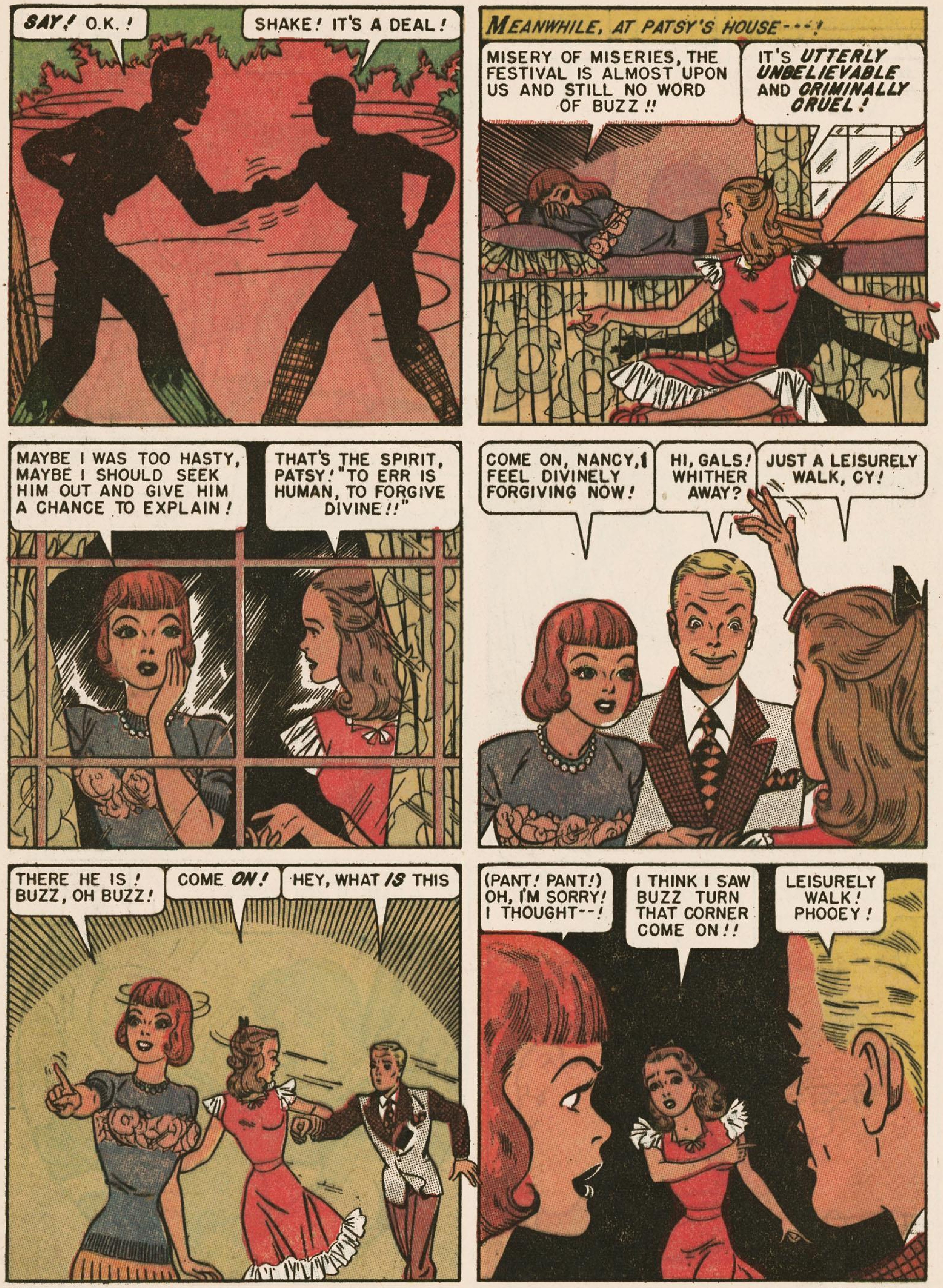

HA HA! HA! HA! HA!
IT *MUST* BE SPRING !
THAT'S *NOT FUNNY!* I THINK IT'S A SPLENDID IDEA! WE'LL SEND OUR INVITATIONS POETICALLY !
WHA—!
SPRING FESTIVAL IN SCHOOL GARDEN NEXT WEEK

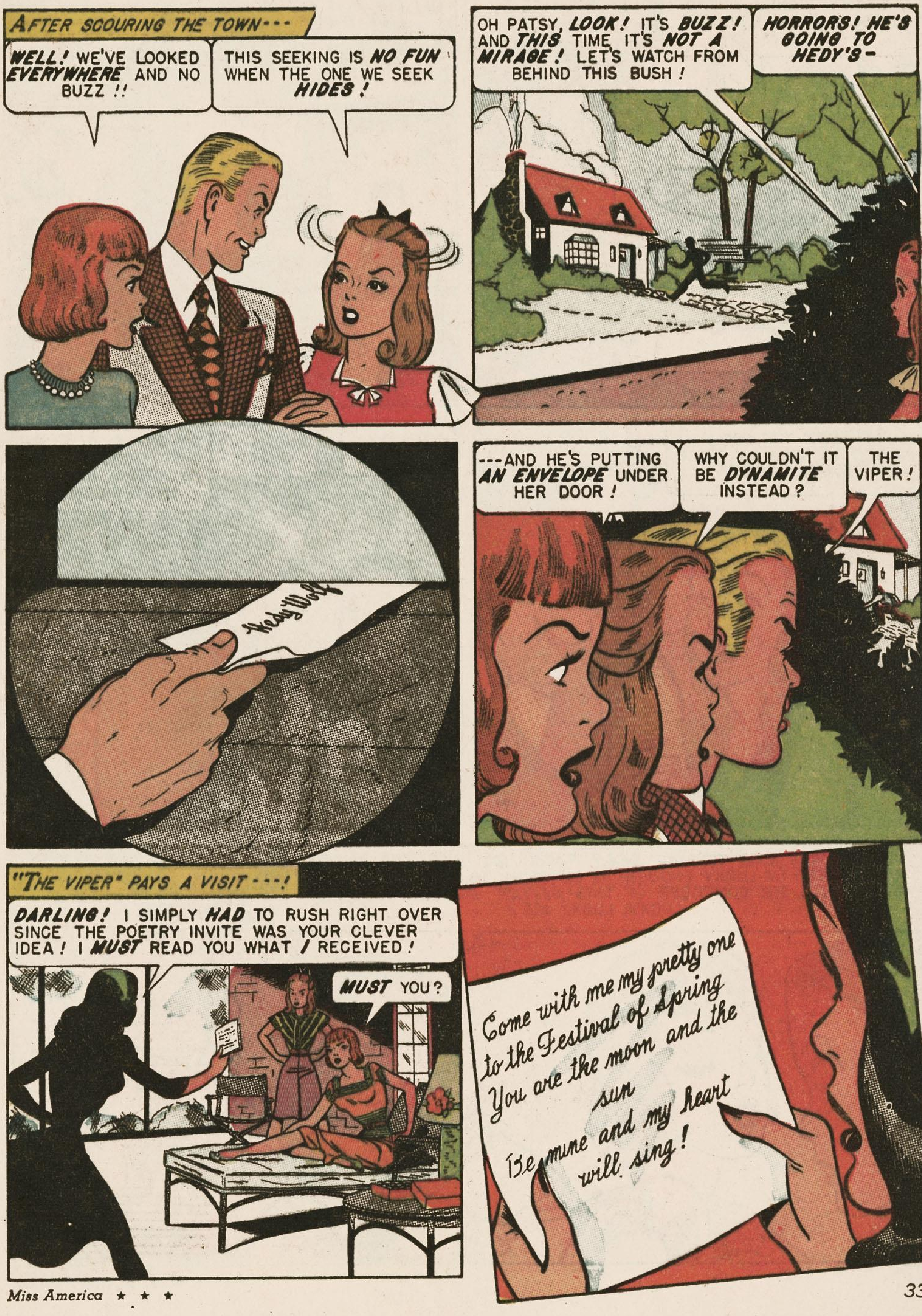

PATSY PAL, YOU'RE ON THE BEAM !
GOLLY !

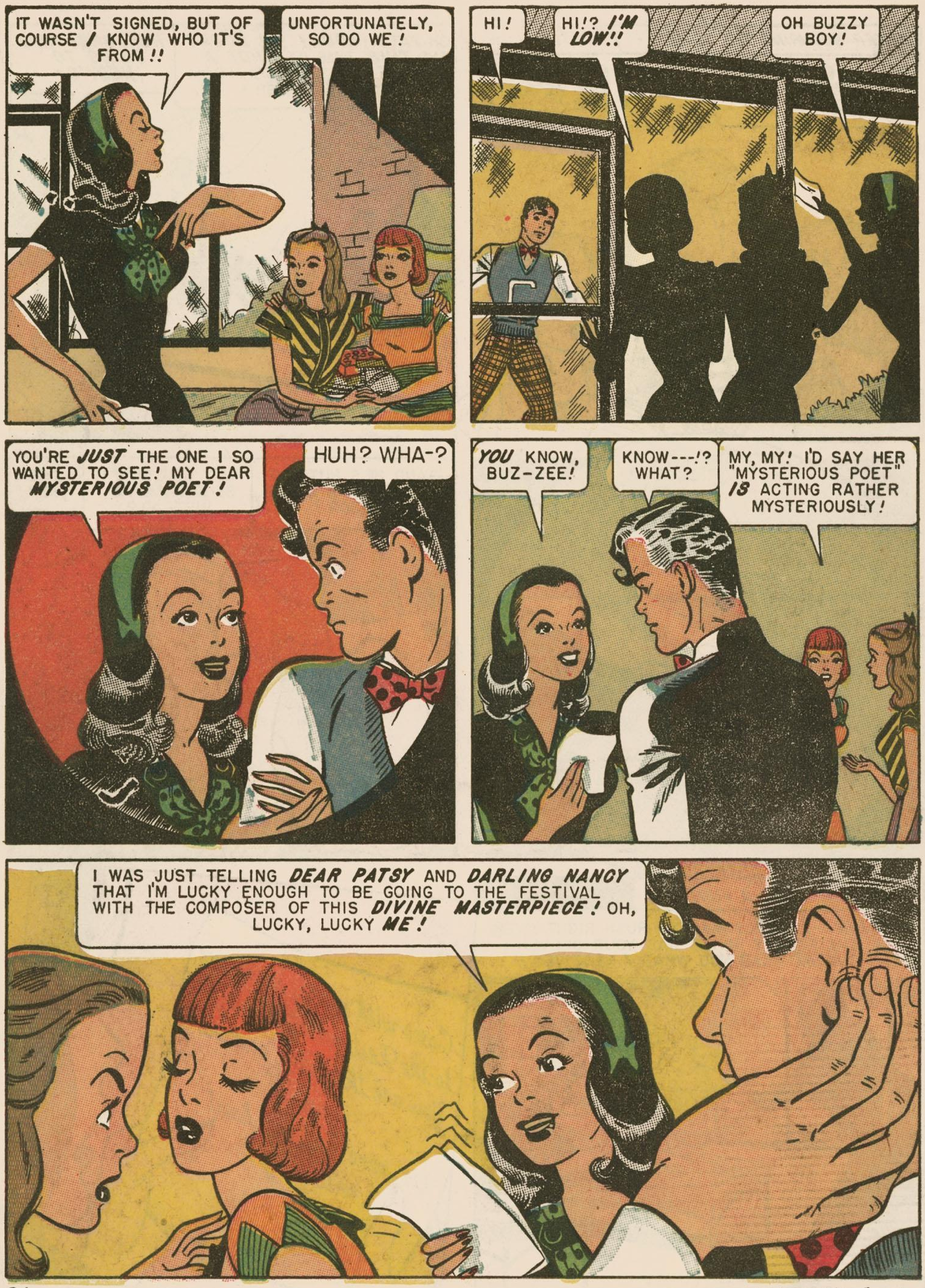

PATSY, THAT WAS SIMPLY SUPER !
INTRIGUING !
I'M JUST ELATED !


AND *I'M SUNK!*
BUT, BUZZ--?
HOLY COW, PATSY, I'M NO GOOD AT *POETRY!*
POOR BUZZY, THAT'S EASILY UNDERSTOOD!
WHAT MEANS THAT CRACK, HEDY WOLFE?!
AFTER ALL, WHAT BUZZY NEEDS IS AN INSPIRATION LIKE ME! DON'T YOU BUZZY BOY?
WELL, I DON'T KNOW --MAYBE--THAT IS--
WHAT??!
SO! I'M NOT ENOUGH OF AN INSPIRATION?
AGREEING WITH "HORRIBLE HEDY" WERE YOU?
I DIDN'T --I--OH, *GOSH!*
COME NANCY! SUCH *INSULTING INSULTS* ARE *TOO MUCH!*
BUT--!
DON'T WORRY, BUZZY! I GUESS THE *TRUTH IS PAINFUL* TO *SOME* PEOPLE!
HE ISN'T EVEN FOLLOWING!
OH WOEFUL DOOM!


'LO BRAINSTORM, **AND** NANCY, JUST LEND AN EAR WHILE I DELIVER MY INVITATION!
HI, CY!
REALLY! SO **SOON?**
"OH, NANCY BROWN WITH ME YOU RATE, WON'T YOU BE MY FESTIVE DATE?"
(SIGH!) I ACCEPT, CY!
I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU, NANCY!
A COUPLE OF SAD DAYS LATER---
GOSH, PATSY WON'T EVEN **SEE** ME! I'LL **HAVE** TO TRY POETRY AS A LAST RESORT! NOW TO CONCENTRATE!
TIME MARCHES ON---!
IT'S NO USE!
WHY SO GLUM, CHUM?
POETRY AND ME **JUST DON'T MIX!**
MAYBE **I** CAN HELP! I'M FULL OF POETRY BUT TOO BASHFUL TO LET ANYONE SEE IT, SO I CAN'T GET A DATE!
ALGY! I'LL SEE THAT **YOU** GET A DATE IF YOU SUPPLY **ME** WITH A POEM!!
HUH?


SAY! O.K.!
SHAKE! IT'S A DEAL!
MEANWHILE, AT PATSY'S HOUSE---!
MISERY OF MISERIES, THE FESTIVAL IS ALMOST UPON US AND STILL NO WORD OF BUZZ!!
IT'S UTTERLY UNBELIEVABLE AND CRIMINALLY CRUEL!
MAYBE I WAS TOO HASTY, MAYBE I SHOULD SEEK HIM OUT AND GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, PATSY! "TO ERR IS HUMAN, TO FORGIVE DIVINE!!"
COME ON, NANCY, I FEEL DIVINELY FORGIVING NOW!
HI, GALS! WHITHER AWAY?
JUST A LEISURELY WALK, CY!
THERE HE IS! BUZZ, OH BUZZ!
COME ON!
HEY, WHAT IS THIS
(PANT! PANT!) OH, I'M SORRY! I THOUGHT--!
I THINK I SAW BUZZ TURN THAT CORNER COME ON!!
LEISURELY WALK! PHOOEY!


AFTER SCOURING THE TOWN---
WELL! WE'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE AND NO BUZZ !!
THIS SEEKING IS NO FUN WHEN THE ONE WE SEEK HIDES !
OH PATSY, LOOK! IT'S BUZZ! AND THIS TIME IT'S NOT A MIRAGE! LET'S WATCH FROM BEHIND THIS BUSH !
HORRORS! HE'S GOING TO HEDY'S-
Hedy Wolf
---AND HE'S PUTTING AN ENVELOPE UNDER HER DOOR !
WHY COULDN'T IT BE DYNAMITE INSTEAD ?
THE VIPER !
"THE VIPER" PAYS A VISIT---!
DARLING! I SIMPLY HAD TO RUSH RIGHT OVER SINCE THE POETRY INVITE WAS YOUR CLEVER IDEA ! I MUST READ YOU WHAT I RECEIVED !
MUST YOU?
Come with me my pretty one
to the Festival of Spring
You are the moon and the
sun
Be mine and my heart
will sing !


IT WASN'T SIGNED, BUT OF COURSE I KNOW WHO IT'S FROM!!
UNFORTUNATELY, SO DO WE!
HI!
HI!? I'M LOW!!
OH BUZZY BOY!
YOU'RE JUST THE ONE I SO WANTED TO SEE! MY DEAR MYSTERIOUS POET!
HUH? WHA-?
YOU KNOW, BUZ-ZEE!
KNOW---!? WHAT?
MY, MY! I'D SAY HER "MYSTERIOUS POET" IS ACTING RATHER MYSTERIOUSLY!
I WAS JUST TELLING DEAR PATSY AND DARLING NANCY THAT I'M LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE GOING TO THE FESTIVAL WITH THE COMPOSER OF THIS DIVINE MASTERPIECE! OH, LUCKY, LUCKY ME!

AND LUCKY, LUCKY ME!
I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID!! YOU LIKED MY POETRY INVITATION! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BASHFUL!!
YOU???!! OHHHHHHHH!!!
GOSH, HE SURE CAME ALONG ON TIME!
HE SURE DID!
SAY! WAIT! I WANT TO DO SOME PRACTISING UP ON MY DANCING WITH YOU!
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
HE WAS GOING TO WRITE A POEM FOR ME, IF I DELIVERED THIS FOR HIM, BUT I COULDN'T SEND YOU SOMEONE ELSE'S POEM---
---SO I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY THIS PATSY, MAYBE IT WILL MAKE UP FOR MY LACK OF POETRY!
OH BUZZ!
COLLECTION OF GREAT POEMS

DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 27

twenty-three and night rate allows twenty-five. The pink rose buds you wired must have been very expensive, but I am glad that you love me so much.

Sally and the kids at school all pooled together and brought me a big white bowl of sweetpeas and lilies—the latter being symbolic of my being so near death. Even Darlene contributed twenty-five cents.

The kids report that a new boy at school, who sits behind me in English history, and has let me copy his exam papers twice, when I couldn't think of the answers, immediately went as pale as death when the news "Vicky Dunford's been rushed to the hospital" reached him. He said he wouldn't be happy in history again until I was sitting in front of him for inspiration. Wasn't that cute!

After Sally brought me the box of candy, I became very popular with the nurses, who love to drop in for candy. They told me Van Johnson was at this very same hospital not very long ago! He was a wonderful patient. The supervisor discovered that nurses were going in and out of Van's room at the rate of one every ten minutes. They had to post one as special guard, to keep the others out.

I wish Van were here now. Imagine picking up the receiver and saying, "Please connect me with Mr. Johnson's room." One bobby sox fan hid in the laundry chute, in her effort to visit Van.

This is my last day in the hospital. Tomorrow I'll just be an ordinary civilian again at home. Dr. Roberts still calls me "Kitten". His wife says he calls all of his patients "Kitten". It must really be something to be a doctor's wife, Betts, especially if your husband is handsome as Dr. Roberts.

Even when I was so sick and all but unconscious, I asked the nurse to give me my lipstick. Every night I wound my hair up on bobby pins, so I'd be glamorous for the doctor.

Dr. Roberts was very happy over my operation. He confided later that it was his very first in that hospital since he had been out of the service, and he enjoyed it immensely. I lost five pounds, which is very good, and will enable me to eat chocolate peanut butter fudge, at least five pounds worth.

Pops is coming to take me home, since a ride in the ambulance costs $15.00. Imagine!

Sally said the kids were going to give me a surprise party after I'm home for a couple of days and can stand the excitement. I can hardly wait. Rusty will be over tonight. Of course, being he's my number one boy friend, he'll receive special consideration.

Your devoted friend,
Victoria Allen Dunford.

TRANSFORMATION, PLEASE

From page 23

diet-day, I would recommend:

Breakfast—Any fruit, boiled or poached eggs (without butter or salt) toast, skimmed milk.

Lunch — A large salad without dressing, any lean meat, fish or fowl, unbuttered bread and fruit.

Dinner — Fresh fruit cup, clear soup, raw fruit or vegetable salad, a poached or boiled egg and unsweetened tea or skimmed milk.

So much for the Diet Dept. Now that we've got you down, figuratively speaking, let's make the most of your new size 12. Enter, Exercise—and lots of it. Good posture is one of the best friends of Poise and Personality, you know. Bending over books, sitting at desks and lugging texts to and fro, create many posture problems, as Miss Delafield is fully aware. "Straighten those shoulders by sitting in a chair with your back straight and clasping your hands with the palms toward the ceiling" she counsels. "Now, keeping your elbows straight, push your arms back so that they fall behind your ears. Relax and repeat ten times."

"To further improve posture, dig your spine at the waistline, into the wall. Lift your chest toward the ceiling, move chin in until your neck touches the boards. Move the top of your head until not even your neck touches the wall. Place a book on your head and walk away with dignity and good posture.

"For dumpy waistlines, sit in a chair with a book in your hand. Lean to the left and place the book as far from your feet as possible. Sit up straight, take a deep breath, pull your tummy in tight and pick up the book. Repeat to the right ten to twenty times daily.

"You can also improve your legs at home. Unfortunately, most people think that hiking or bicycling reduces chubby legs. It only builds muscle on the fat. So try this—lie on your bed with three pillows under your hips. Elevate your feet on the backboard or a chair.

"Raise your legs straight up, keeping them completely relaxed, and inscribe the largest circle possible. Repeat slowly twenty times. Then, from same position, inscribe complete circles with lower leg from toes to knees.

"For skinny legs try hiking, tennis, bicycling—any type of exercise. One good method includes holding on to a chair and rising as high as possible on tip-toe. Stay on toes and bend as deeply as possible at the knees until you reach a squatting position. Rise on toes and repeat twenty times. Keep up fifty times—without tiring.

"Like the three 'R's' in schooling there are three 'musts' in beauty—figure, face and general appearance. The condition of your scalp and hair effects that smoothness, so keep them clean and nourished. Massage and brushing do the trick and can be done while you relax.

"You alone can make or break your life. The habits of beauty and health you form now, are those you'll carry into maturity, at the top of your class!"

Look Bill, the sun is 10 minutes slow!

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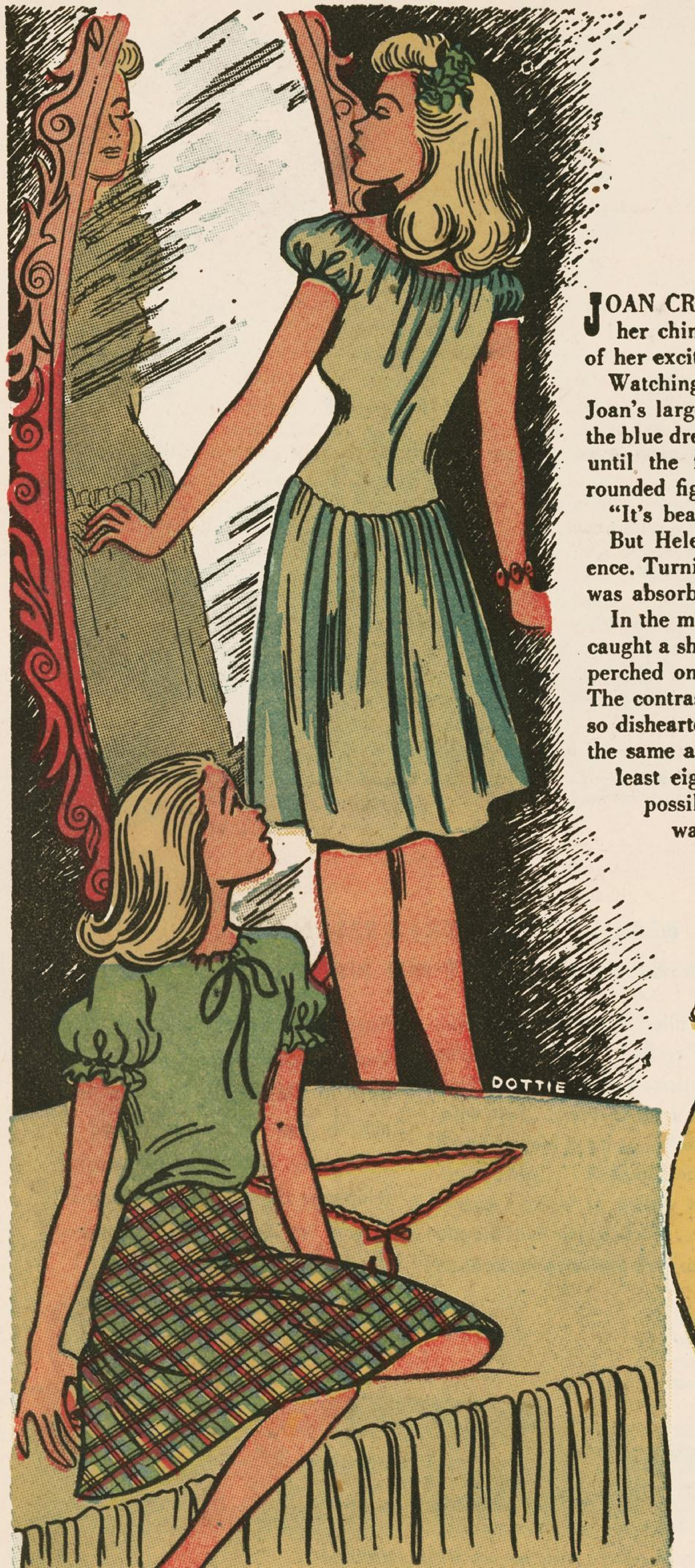


BEAUTY and the FEAST...

"Speak for yourself Joan," advised artist Uncle Justin and when she couldn't, he did . . . Julie has another 'winnah' in this race for time, art and the search for a perfect model.

by julie easton

JOAN CRAIG sat on the bed, knees hugged up to her chin, watching Helene get ready for another of her exciting dates.

Watching Helene Daniels was like watching a play. Joan's large gray eyes were rapt as Helene dropped the blue dress over her golden head, wriggled expertly until the fluid folds settled caressingly over her rounded figure.

"It's beautiful, Helene," said Joan softly.

But Helene, for once, was oblivious of her audience. Turning and twisting, pouting and smiling, she was absorbed with her reflection.

In the mirror, behind Helene's twirling form, Joan caught a shadowy glimpse of herself, small and elfin, perched on the pale bed. A small sigh escaped her. The contrast between herself and Helene was always so disheartening. No one would ever guess they were the same age, fifteen. Helene was often taken for at least eighteen, while to look at Joan, you might possibly guess her age at twelve or thirteen. It was definitely maddening.

Tall, pretty Helene had curves in all the right places—she was practically a finished product. But with Joan, nature was dawdling. Slender and straight as a medieval page boy, Joan was still developing and growing impatient.

Helene swung away from the glass, her lovely face clouded. "It makes me so mad about Polly! I just can't imagine anyone being so—so deliberately petty. Inviting every other girl in our class almost—even you—everyone, but me."

Joan rocked uncomfortably. She really did feel a little guilty, having been invited somewhere Helene hadn't. Usually it was the other way around—but of course Polly Drew didn't care for Helene right now.

"I guess it's on account of Peter Landry," said Joan hesitantly. "You can't blame Polly. He was her very first boy friend and —"

"Well, my goodness!" said Helene. "I was just —experimenting. A girl has to practice, doesn't she? Can I help it if, when I merely smile, boys—?" she shrugged expressively.

Maybe she really couldn't, thought Joan, loyally. Boys were—well, like sheep, especially where Helene was concerned.

"Besides, there isn't anything to stop him dating Polly again. I've given him up." Helene hummed softly, eyes bright. "Tommy's the throb in my heart now."

Helene made it seem very simple, but Joan had a feeling that human relations were somewhat more complicated. Two people had been hurt—first Polly, now Peter. There'd be scars, at least for a while.

"Of course if I'd known about Polly's uncle being such a famous artist and all—but how could I know?" Helene asked helplessly. "I certainly wouldn't have —have jeopardized my whole life, maybe, for a few dull dates with someone like Peter Landry — my goodness!"

"But—it's just a party—"

"It's more than just a party, and you know it! Justin Drew is looking for a model to represent the *Spirit of Tomorrow* in his next painting, 'Our Future World,' and in case you don't know anything about art, Joan, a Justin Drew picture is an event. I read all about it in the newspaper interview they printed."

Joan drew in her breath. "You mean—"

Helene flung her arms wide. "Why shouldn't he find what he's looking for right here in Little City, rather than in New York or Hollywood?" She balled her hands into tight fists. "So, naturally, it burns me about Polly's not inviting me to meet him. She's —afraid! She doesn't want me to be 'discovered'!"

Joan's lips parted. Her slanting gray eyes widened. Helene might be right! Helene was just the type for a *Spirit of Tomorrow*. Imagine knowing someone in a painting! Joan's throat ached with excitement.

"Maybe—maybe if I talked to Polly, begged her to let you come to the reception instead of me, told her how much it would mean to Little City—"

Helene's eyes narrowed, considering. Then she shook her head. "No, I don't want any favors from Polly Drew. I don't want her to be able to take any credit. Still—" she frowned—"there must be some way."

Joan said fervently, "There just has to be. If only you could meet him—"

"Let's see." Helene rubbed her eyebrow thoughtfully. "Now, if I were trying to get a part on—on Broadway or—or in the movies, how'd I go about it? I know—a press agent!" Her blue eyes blazed at Joan. "That's it! Joan, you're hired!"

Joan choked. "Wh-what do you mean?"

"You're going to the party. You'll see Justin Drew, have an opportunity to talk to him—about me!"

Joan slithered off the bed. "But Helene—."

Helene's eyes were brilliant with determination. "We're friends, aren't we—best friends?"

"Of-of course, but—."

"Friendship," said Helen, "means unselfish devotion. If friends aren't willing to help each other, then —then they better stop being friends, I guess."

Joan's heart jerked. Oh, no! Why, being with Helene was like seeing a preview of your own longed-for future. Even if, probably, you wouldn't ever be so alluring as Helene, you could hope and pretend. Without Helene to add glamor, life would lose its sparkle.

Yet, the idea of approaching a man, a perfect stranger and famous, to boot, chilled Joan, made her mouth dry. Besides, wasn't Justin Drew an artist, and therefore wild and temperamental? No telling what he might do, if he became annoyed with her.

Helene's warm arms went round her. Helene's fragrant cheek touched hers. "Please, Joan. You can't let me down."

"Well," said Joan helplessly. Helene was so used to having her way.

"I just knew you would!" Helene hugged her, whirled away to pull out a desk drawer. "Here—take these pictures to show him, in case your description doesn't do me justice. Pick out the best ones." Down-

FLASHES FROM MAC

Hey, gather round here all you MACmems — and *listen!*

We have still more contests for you—and more! Competition suited to each of your individual talents —our brains are busy dreaming up carloads of novel notions for you all the time. But sometimes we kind of run low on ideas—and that's where you come in! We'd like to hear from you, first what kind of contest you'd like to see in MISS AMERICA Magazine and in your monthly club bulletin. And just like Cinderella's fairy god-mother we'll grant your wish—if it's at all possible!

All those other fine contests are "Full speed ahead" now. We'd just love to peek into kitchens, clubrooms, basements all over the country and see you busy beevers whipping up this and that-a . . . Puttering around the stove, and turning out some of the best cake-eatin' ever, with those delicious Nucoa cookies; sitting around the living room, chatting and knitting or crocheting with American Thread, prettying up your clothes and accessories with CVH paints; or ruffling up some nic-nac in your bedroom to enter in Fairfame's wonderful contest! If you haven't entered any of these yet, why not consult the latest MAC bulletin for rules, and blanks? And speaking of the bulletin, how about dropping us a line (or two) telling how you like the new ones you're receiving? Would you like to see anything added—or left out? Write and tell us . . . and also send along a photo of your clubroom and activities. And now some more headline news—YOU—you—and you—yes, every single MACmem will be able to vote for your favorite movie or radio teenager—and MISS AMERICA Magazine will properly award them! Who is *your* favorite—Henry Aldrich? Corliss Archer? Peggy Ann Garner? Roddy McDowall? You pick 'em—we'll award 'em! Watch for more fascinating details in the June issue of MISS AMERICA—and your club bulletin!

---

stairs the doorbell pealed. "Oh, there's Tommy! Be still, my heart —I've got to run! Now, remember, Joan, work up a good campaign!"

The thunder of Joan's heart almost drowned the far muffled pealing of the Drews' front doorbell. Then the door swung open, and Polly stood there, surprised, still in her robe.

"Joan—you're early!"

"Yes—I—I thought there might be something I could do to—to help," murmured Joan uncomfortably.

Polly's brown eyes warmed. "Joan, how nice of you!" She seized Joan's hands, drew her inside. "This is just like old times, the way things used to be before—"

"Maybe I'll just be in the way," said Joan hastily. She knew what Polly was going to say. Before Helene had singled Joan out.

"Of course you won't be in the way, silly!" said Polly generously. "Look, I'm not through dressing, but you can come up, if you like, or wait down here in the library—"

"I'll wait down here, out of the way," said Joan.

"Come on, then, I'll introduce you to Uncle Justin, and you can chat while I get ready. I don't suppose anyone else will be here for a half hour, anyway."

It was perfect, Joan thought—and perversely wished it wasn't. It was too much like—well, like taking advantage of someone, sort of, and yet it was for Helene, her best friend. Didn't that make it all right, when you did it for friendship?

Outside the library door, Polly gave Joan's hand a quick squeeze. "Oh, Joan, I was afraid you might not come—because of—because—"

"That's silly."

"Then—then you are finding out about her, after all. I thought—"

"Heavens!" said Joan. "She wanted me to come."

Polly drew back. "My goodness, that doesn't sound like—"

"She had a date with Tom Pease, the mayor's son, for tonight, anyway!"

Polly's dark eyes winked. "Not with—with Pete," she whispered.

"No—that's over."

Polly said shakily, "I just knew he couldn't be fooled for long!"

Joan didn't tell her the truth. Polly's trustfulness stabbed at her heart—she had been hurt enough.

Polly drew a long tremulous breath. "Well, come in and meet Uncle Justin, Joan."

The man who rose from the deep chair before the fireplace was tall and athletic looking. His hair was clipped short and neat, and his teeth showed white in a quick, friendly smile. He didn't look like an eccentric Bohemian at all, but—but like somebody's father, thought Joan, who had lost her own when she was five.

Polly introduced them. Justin Drew took both Joan's narrow hands in one of his, drew her to a chair across from his own.

"I was just wishing for company," he said. "To tell the truth, I've been a little apprehensive about meeting all of Polly's superior-duperior friends."

Polly giggled. "Oh, Uncle Justin, I didn't say—"

"Friends," said Justin Drew, "are always superior. They get that way by being friends." He grinned at Joan. "Now, if I can just get Joan on my side, I'll feel more confident."

"I am already," said Joan, surprised out of shyness.

"There goes your charm again, Uncle Justin," said Polly. "Well, see you later!"

Justin Drew settled himself comfortably across from Joan, watching her with keen eyes. The firelight gleamed on her smooth-brushed straight hair, glanced into her gray eyes, warmed her pixie face.

"Tell me about yourself, Joan," said Justin Drew, filling his pipe.

Joan drew a long breath. "I—I didn't come here to talk about myself," she burst out, "but about a friend. You see—" she faltered.

"Now don't tell me you're in love, too!" said Justin Drew.

"My goodness, no! This is about a girl friend."

"Oh," said Justin Drew.

"She's really something to look

at," went on Joan, warming to her subject. "Tall, blond and—"

"And terrific," he said, nodding. "I know. Curves in all the right places, alluring to men—or boys—and ambitious to be seen places."

"How did you know?" asked Joan wonderingly.

"I know," said Justin Drew.

Had he seen Helene walking past the house, maybe—as Helene had hoped, or caught sight of her on the street? Delight flowed through Joan like quicksilver. It was easier than she'd dreamed, even!

"Would you like to see some pictures of her?" she asked eagerly.

"By all means."

Switching on a lamp, Justin indicated a hassock, and Joan brought the folder of pictures over. She handed them to him, one by one, eyes glowing, face animated, as she dwelt on Helene's charms.

"Very nice," he said. "Yes, indeed. Most photogenic."

Tingling with triumph, Joan handed him the last one. She'd won him over. Wouldn't Helene be pleased, though! Resolutely, she refused to think of Polly's probable reactions.

"Now," she said rapturously, "you're convinced, aren't you?"

"I'm convinced," he said.

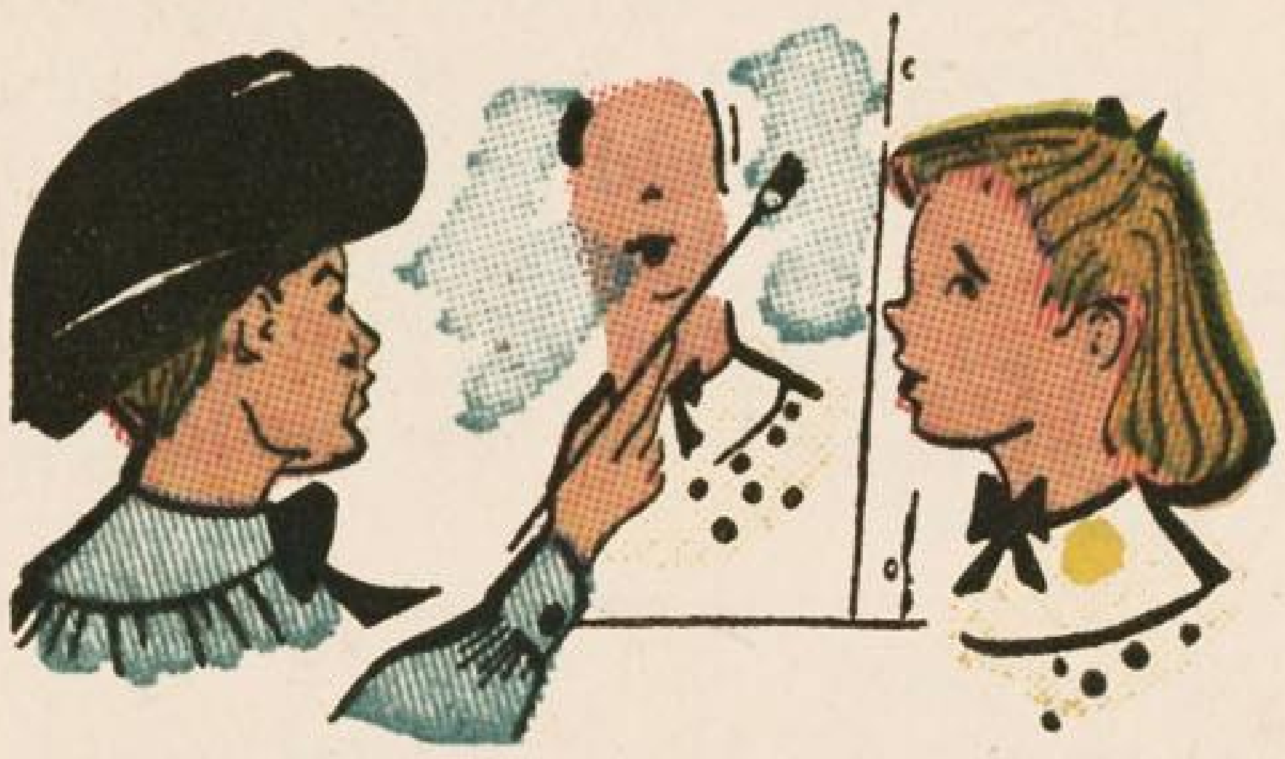
He tucked the last picture of Helene into the folder, stood up. Startled, Joan rose, too.

One long forefinger reached out abruptly, lifted her pointed chin so that he could look into her face. "My dear child," he said, "didn't you ever hear of the *Courtship of Miles Standish?*"

What an odd question—and his eyes were so disturbingly intent! "Of course," said Joan uncertainly, "we had it in school."

"Then, for heaven's sake," said Justin Drew, "why don't you speak for yourself, Joan?"

Sudden tears flooded Joan's eyes. Why, all the time he'd been secretly laughing at her. He didn't look queer and temperamental like artists, but he was!



"Please," she said, "don't tease me. I know what I look like."

"I'm not teasing you, heaven forbid!" said Justin Drew fervently. "No, you're not pretty now, Joan Craig—but some day you'll be beautiful." Joan stared up at him bewilderedly. What was he saying? He went on. "Maybe everyone won't think so. Everyone may not see it. Inside, you're beautiful already, as a matter of fact. Those who have eyes to see will see. There may not be many who will, Joan. You may be badly hurt by those who don't. But there'll be a few, and they'll be the ones who count."

"You're not—just saying such things?" faltered Joan, eyes swimming.

"It's true, Joan. You'll blossom late, though. You see, it takes a while to make a masterpiece. Be patient."

Dimly, then, Joan understood what he was saying. He was putting into wonderful words, vague thoughts which came to her sometimes when she day-dreamed, trying to comfort herself.

"You have the kind of face, Joan, which lets your soul through, can't keep it out. It's the sort of face which, as you grow older, will show everything that happens to you. You'll suffer, Joan, but don't be afraid. Sooner or later, you'll find your mountaintop. No one who knows you will ever forget you, and those who love you will never stop loving you."

Strange, beautiful sentences, those! Joan drank them in thirstily.

Justin Drew took out a large white handkerchief, deftly removed traces of tears from her cheeks.

"Th-thank you," said Joan tremulously.

She felt wonderfully relieved, freed—now she didn't need to live through anyone else, but could take her time, be herself.

"Yes, Joan, I see tomorrow in your face, the searching *Spirit of Tomorrow.* I can't wait to start my new painting."

SORRY—WRONG NUMBER

That you, chick—a sorry wrong number? Only time the Ameche buzzes is when it's Great-aunt Matilda or a nice-sounding wrong number? Watsmatter, you wonder — what's wrong with *you?*

Well, whatever it is, it's mighty comforting to know you've a friend who can understand—and help. If it's clothes, she'll tell you how to wear 'em, and what to choose; if it's parties, she'll tell you how to give 'em and what to do; if it's conversation, she'll tell you how to start 'em and what to say. Friends, fun, facts—they're all in her teen-age line. Cause she's MISS AMERICA, the teen pal and confidante. Pages chockful of all a gal wants and *needs* to know to keep up with teen-trends and times. So don't miss a single issue! Subscribe now!

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FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 12

and when Joan and Sue break up and if John and I should start dating, what can I tactfully say to refuse expensive gifts such as watches? I don't know that he would buy me anything like that but in case he should, I really don't want it. After all we are only kids and I don't feel that it is right. Please tell me what to do in case he (or any other young boy) should offer me some expensive gift. Thank you very much.

Peggy

Dear Peggy:

Your heart, your impulses and your instincts certainly seem to be headed in the right direction. You've been loyal to your girl friend Sue and refused John's requests to date you, but first to that question of expensive presents in general. You say 'after all we're only kids' and don't feel it is right to receive expensive gifts. Well, Peggy dear, you've really answered the question already and are only looking for confirmation of your feelings. I'm certainly on your side, proper lady-like behavior is on your side and your school and church authorities are on your side. Offering of gifts of value, implies on the boy's part, if his heart is in the right place and his head set squarely on his shoulders, that he is ready and willing for steady dating. The way I see it, a gift like a watch, which comes high in dollars and cents is a sort of preliminary step to an engagement ring. Acceptance on a girl's part of such a gift, should be agreed to only with the full consent of her parents, and surely after they have known the young man well enough to second their daughter's willingness to accept the responsibilities which go with such a gift. At 17, and with all the world still in front of you (you incidentally do not say how old John is) I would prefer to accept none of the bonds and loyalties that go with the gift that glitters . . . hold fast to the freedom to date and rate!

Jean

Dear Jean:

I am going on 13 and have a very big bust. I am very self-conscious because of this. My girl friends are very small and always kid me. I can't wear a sweater because it brings me out more. Can you help me please? Thank you.

Janet

Dear Janet:

I am very happy you wrote to me because there are lots of girls who make themselves miserable thinking they are over-developed. Of course I don't mean to be altogether Pollyanna-ish and say every girl will emerge from her "growing up" stage into another Venus de Milo (who incidentally was a full blown and ample 36). But at 13! There'll be so much future opportunity for you to streamline. There'll be added inches from waist to ribs, and then when your shoulders start broadening and when you begin to shoot up from head to toes, you'll take on better all-over proportions. Try to remember that some girls start developing quicker in one part of the body than another. As for sweaters: perhaps the answer to that is getting a well-fitted bandeau or bra. Ask your mother's help and advice in this and I know she will be happy to shop with you for a soft, sensible and comfortable garment that won't give you that bound and tight look. Swimming is your exercise, Janet dear, and do try to do as much of it as you can. It will broaden your shoulders, chest and keep you firm. Swimming is for that long, lean look. Nature made us all differently, but sometimes we grow too impatient before she can finish her work. Of course until that time, we all owe it to ourselves to do what we can to help her along . . . proper diet, enough sleep, the right exercise and don't forget—Nature doesn't balk at a deft bit of camouflage used until she can complete her job.

Fondly, Jean

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AND SUDDENLY SHE KNEW

From page 17

airily. "Don't be absurd, Lucy. Girls of fourteen don't have much waistline."

There was the sound of heavy feet ascending the porch steps, and then two short, shrill whistles that blasted the quiet morning.

"There's Spike," her mother announced unnecessarily. "Hurry up and finish those eggs now."

Lucy downed the rest of the eggs in three enormous gulps, reached for her books and tore into the front hall. She paused sedately at the front door, turned the knob quietly and stepped out on the open porch.

Spike was sitting on the railing, swinging one foot. His face was round and his skin had the translucent paleness common to redheads. Against it every freckle stood out in sharp relief. Although it was obvious that his hair had been newly brushed, there were cowlicks escaping already, standing in sandy pointed spikes at the back of his head.

"We have a bell," Lucy said scathingly. "It's really terribly simple to operate. You just push."

"What's the matter with whistling?"

"Really, you're too undignified. Leslie Taylor wouldn't be caught dead whistling."

Spike shrugged. "That glumph couldn't whistle even if he had his own teeth."

"It so happens," Lucy said coldly, "that his teeth are his own. They just happen to be white and even. *And* his hair stays down when he combs it. *And* he doesn't come around to call for Francine in a crummy old jacket either."

Lucy tossed her head and started down the steps. It was too unfair. Francine was eighteen and had everything, a permanent, the right to use makeup, a boy friend who looked and acted like a boy friend, a job. Everything! And all these things were not due to the fact that she was any smarter—she wasn't—or more worthy. It was simply because she was lucky enough to be four years older.

(*Continued on page* 64)

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1 Write Cookie Contest Editor, MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y., for Official Entry Blank, complete with Contest Rules.

2 **Make cookies** by the basic recipe below at left, adding your own individualizing touch of shaping, flavoring, or decorating your cookies.

? ? ? COOKIES

⅓ cup Nucoa Margarine
⅔ cup sugar
1 egg
1⅓ cups flour
¼ tsp. soda
Flavoring

Cream Nucoa well with sugar. Add egg and beat until very light and fluffy. Sift, measure flour and resift with soda. Combine with creamed mixture. Add your choice of flavoring and mix well. Roll dough very thin on floured cloth; cut in fancy shapes. Decorate according to your own ideas, with sugar or spices, for instance, or colored candies, nuts, fruits, etc. Bake on well-Nucoa-d cookie sheet or bottoms of inverted pans in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 8-10 minutes according to thickness. Watch that they do not get too brown!

3 **Then give your cookies a name!** It's easy! Base the name on some characteristic of your cookies, such as the shape, the flavoring, or the way you decorate them. Or, you may get ideas for your name from enthusiastic comments people make when they taste your cookies. Or, call them something which suggests the *occasion* for which you think your cookies would go over especially big—like, well, calling them "Jam Sessions." (This name would be extra appropriate if you had decorated your cookies with a dab of jam—wouldn't it?)

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dress rehearsal for Summer

PLAYING to S.R.O., striped cottons by Youth Guild. Ruffles on shoulder and skirt on the dress with wide stripes. (Benedikt's bracelet) shares the spotlight with pin-striped seersucker, (Jordan's bracelets). Both about $11. At Strawbridge and Clothier, Phila.; Woodward and Lothrop, Wash., D. C.; A. Harris, Dallas. Desco's sandals.

SUMMER stock hits—Jerry Rossman's rayon spun linen striped two-piecer (about $11) with Lapelle's detachable bag-belt (about $4), Verney's rayon shantung makes another slick duo. About $13. Both by Teen House. Lord & Taylor, N. Y.; F. and R. Lazarus Co., Columbus; The Boston Store, Milwaukee; The White House, San Francisco

SO maybe you're not Betty Beautiful. Perhaps your nose *is* on the upturned side. Or a stray lock of hair keeps falling out of place. Or you feel you could do with a few less freckles.

So what? That's no reason to be camera shy; to suffer a severe case of jitters when someone wants to take your picture. Many a model, too, might be happier if her features were arranged somewhat differently, but that doesn't necessarily keep her from being a good model.

The point is, whichever end of a camera you are on, use your head. Good pictures require teamwork. A good model makes a good photographer better—and vice versa.

Not that these paragraphs are going to turn you into a cinema starlet. They aren't intended to do that. They're merely offered to tell you something about proper posing, so the boys won't kill themselves laughing when they catch the snapshot Jim takes of you.

Let's put you in front of the camera. You know how you want to look. You want to look like YOU—pert, attractive, on-the-ball. Sitting ramrod-stiff with hands folded primly across the lap may have been okay for grandmother years ago, but the tintype stuff doesn't go in your set.

What you want is to look natural. The trick is—do something. A professional model may be able to look a camera straight in the eye and never flutter a lash. But you—and you're not alone—are likely to freeze up simply because your picture's being taken.

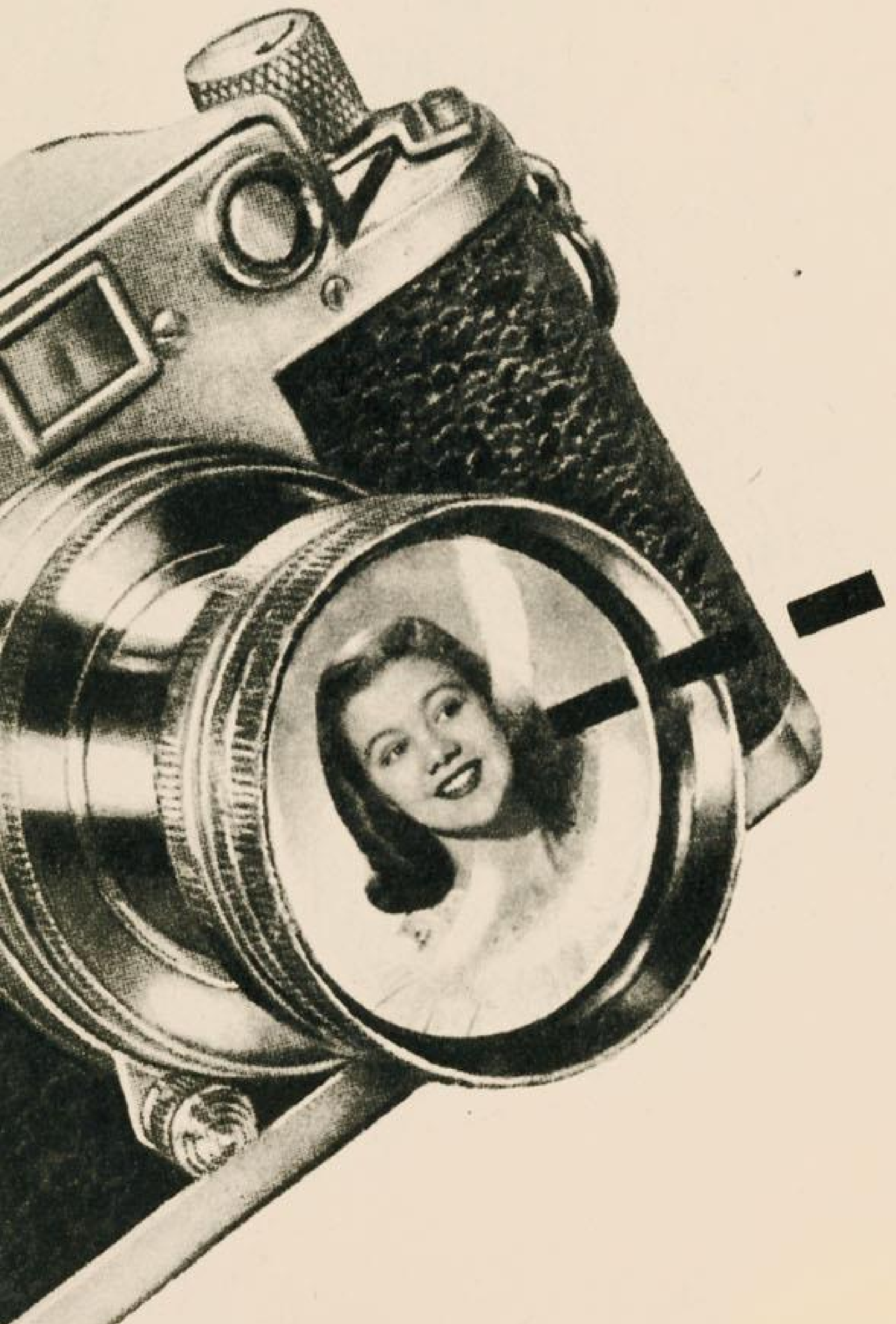
Forget it! Instead of thinking of the camera, think of something else. Sit down and pet your dog. Start cutting flowers to fill a basket for a centerpiece. Read a magazine. Or merely sit in a chair and argue the merits of Harry James and Woody Herman with whomever's taking your picture. That's the way to keep busy, so you'll look at ease when the shutter clicks, which is really the secret of good "posing." Whoever coined the phrase "Look pretty, please" should have made it "Look natural, please." There's nothing pretty about a smile that's forced or stiff, tense posture.

Another thing, hold yourself together. It's great to sprawl out on the floor to read the comics but you never look your best with arms and legs scattered like a weathervane. The camera can play tricks, too. You'll find that when you sit back with your legs stretched out towards the camera, your feet will mushroom from size five to ten. They'll almost black you out of the picture.

So much for posing. Now, let's move around to the camera's "taking-end." Chances are you take as many pictures as you appear in. And while these hints aren't meant to set you up as a fashion photographer, they can help you get a snapshot of your best girl-friend which will keep her just that—your best girl-friend—after she's seen the picture you've taken.

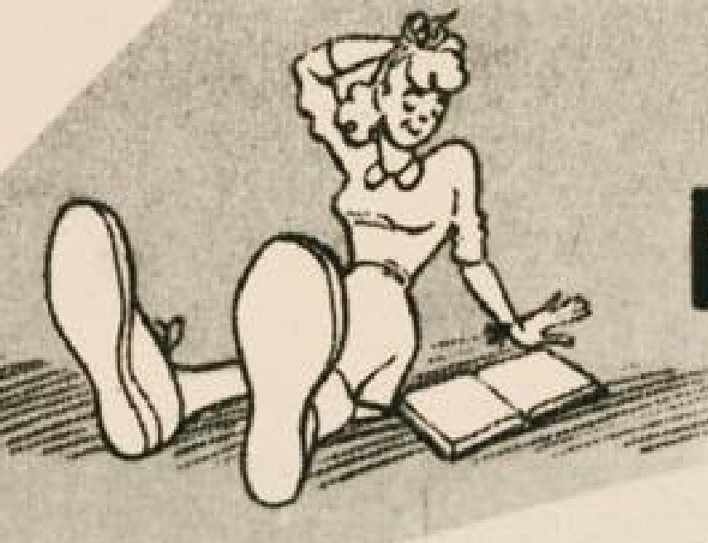
(Continued on page 63)

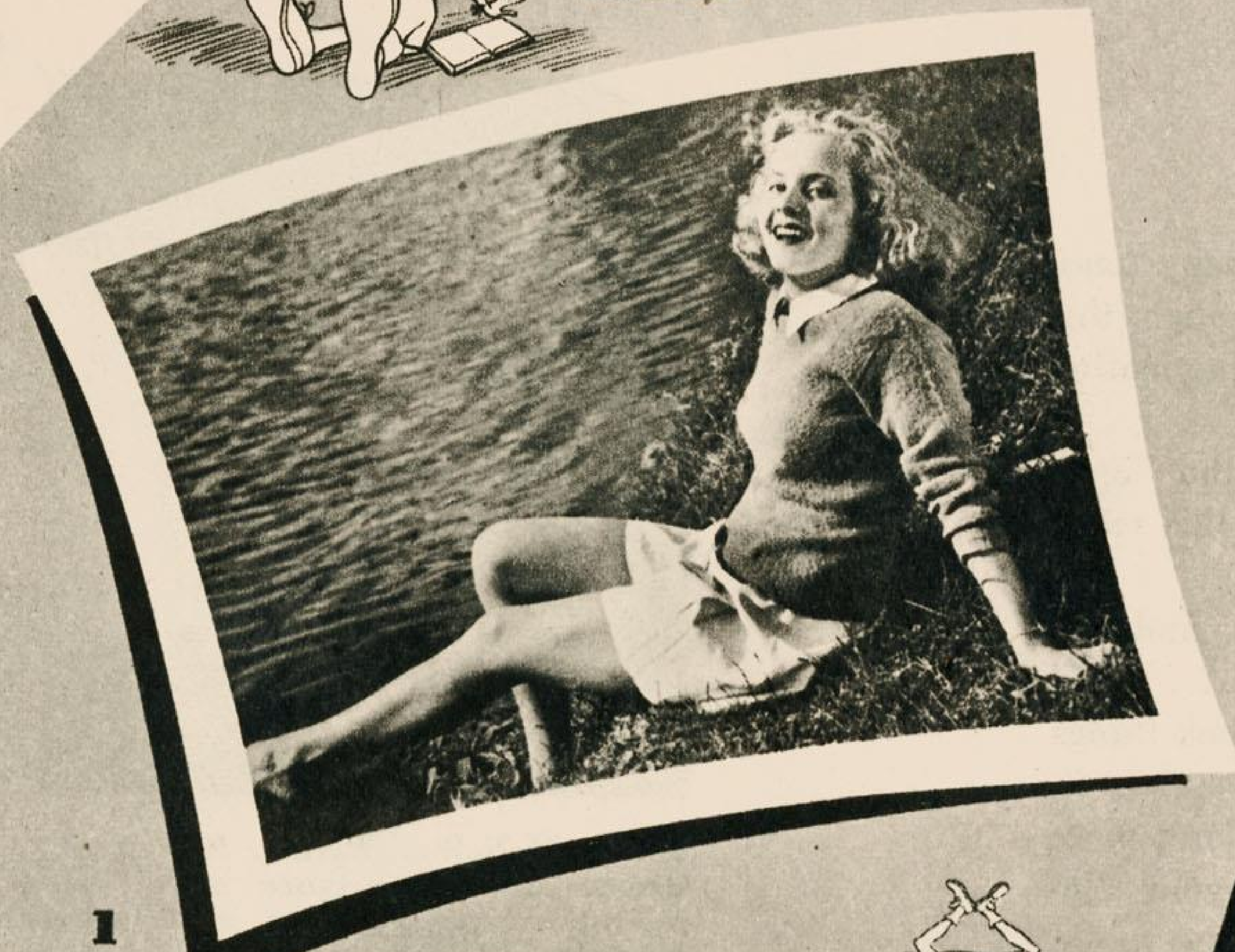
LOOK NATURAL PLEASE!



You're pretty as your picture—so put on your best "model behavior" before the camera! Look your loveliest, smile your sweetest—and see yourself in print that way!

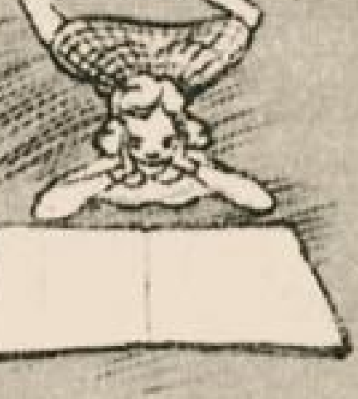
by gary wilmot

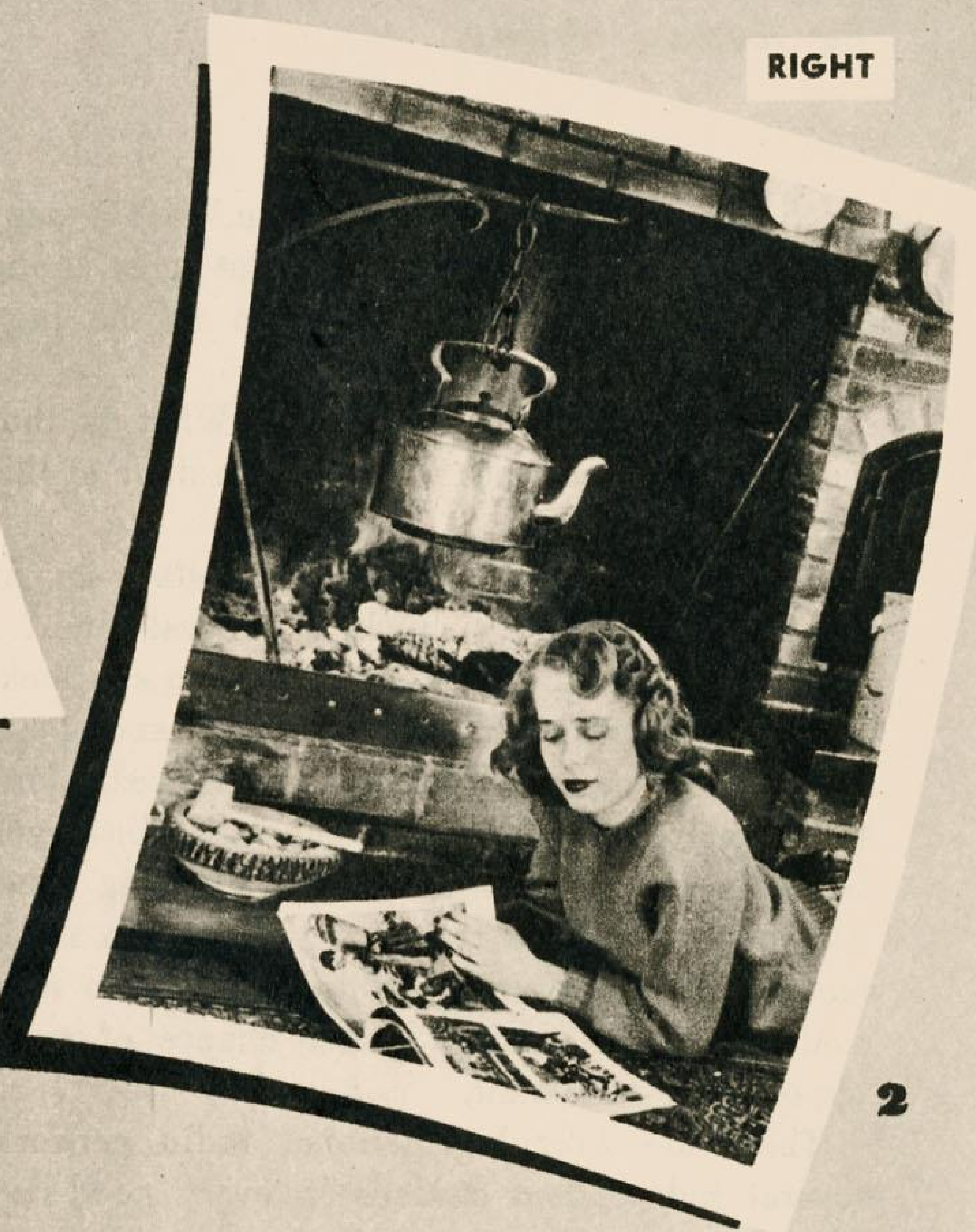




1

RIGHT





RIGHT

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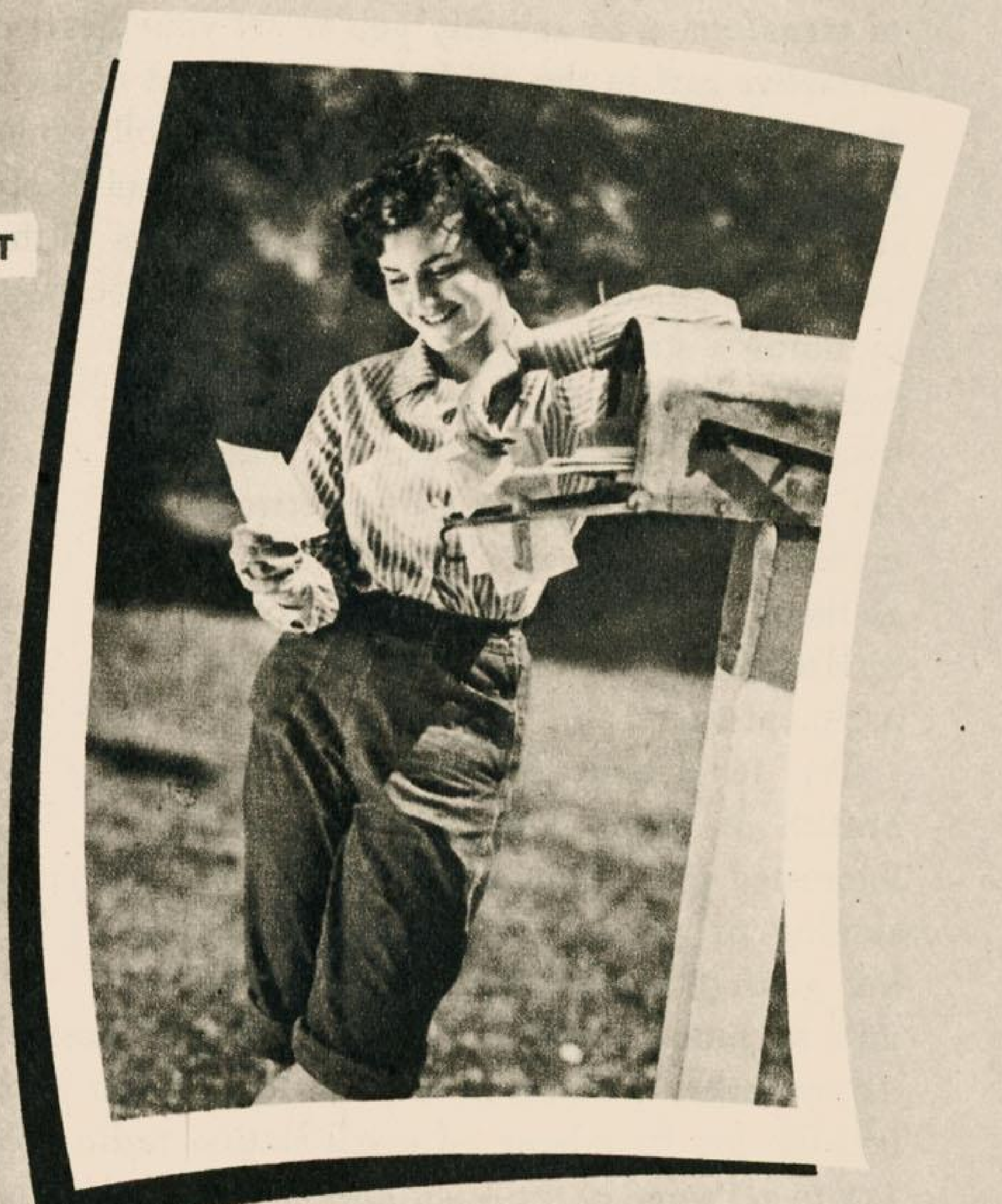

RIGHT

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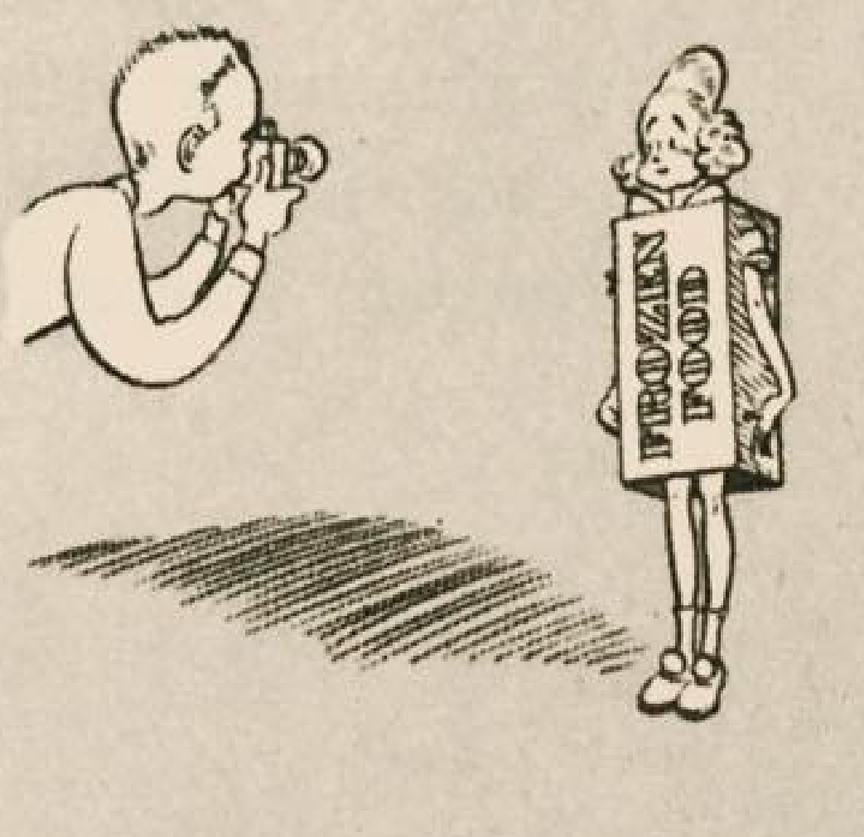


WRONG **1** Feet a mile long 'cause they're close to the camera. It's easy to avoid distortion, like this . . .

RIGHT Pose so you're in a plane roughly parallel to the plane of the film, and there—you're picture-perfect!

WRONG **2** What's wrong with this picture? Well, to find out, just take a look at . . .

RIGHT this one! Umm, a natural poser! Remember to "hold yourself" together and not to sprawl all over.

WRONG **3** Sure you look like a "big stiff", when you pose that way. Take it easy, and you will find that . . .

RIGHT you'll look like this. Forget the camera, and you'll get some photogenic honies! Picture that, now!

so you want to be in Radio?

Pertinent pointers on how to "crack" the field . . .

and where do we go from there. . .

by denny shane

IT'S always easy—once you're "in." How many times have you heard *that* before? But sadly enough, this Awful Truth is applied too often in the fascinating business of radio.

So—how does one get "in?" What is the "open sesame" technique that will open the door of this realm of mike magic?

The big secret in getting your start is: find out what jobs there are, pick a modest one . . . and PREPARE for it. Once you're in, you can look things over, decide what to shoot for next and go after it. But when you are initially interviewed, don't bore the personnel director with big talk about your "interest in radio." Go in to him knowing how to do one job well and ask for it. It will be such a refreshing surprise if you have something definite in mind, that you will stand a much better chance of getting the opportunity you want.

There are four big national radio networks, and several independent stations in every good-sized city. Plan first to tackle a station in your own home town.

Once you work for a network, you have a good chance of transferring to any city you've set your heart on. An attractive girl in the publicity department of the Mutual station in Seattle wanted to go to Hollywood. She worked so wholeheartedly at her job that despite the small number of women publicity directors in the radio business at that time, she became "it" in Seattle. Then by doing a stand-out job, she acquired press books packed with clippings from newspapers and magazines. When the Hollywood head of the network traveled up that way and took a look at them, he "persuaded" her to come to Hollywood to head the publicity department there.

Try to decide, if you can, what branch of radio you would be most interested in. If you have a talent for singing or playing, forget everything but getting a good general education and as much training in music as you possibly can. Accept every possible invitation to perform at recitals, benefits for friends or on small station radio programs. Try to get some of the other kids at school who can entertain, to work with you and enlist the aid of the dramatic coach in working up a school radio program. Probably you can interest one of the (*Continued on page* 62)

★ *Pictured here are some of the radio commentators throughout the United States who broadcast MISS AMERICA's releases on teen-agers.*

Maggi McNellis, WNBC, New York, stresses the importance of a well-modulated voice, plus a friendly manner; in short, it is really the ability to seem "one of the audience."

Adele Unverforth, WHIO, Dayton, Ohio, believes that the poise and confidence gained in drama school is a leading factor in radio success.

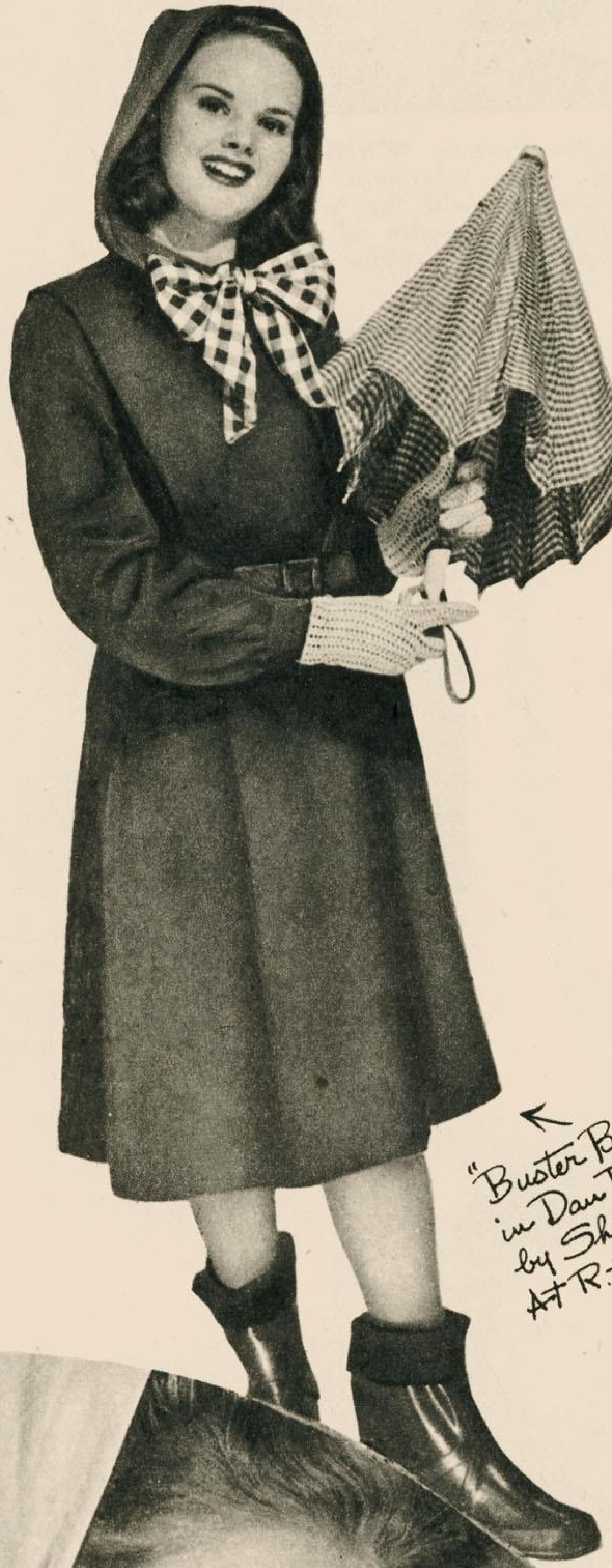
Priscilla Parker, WWNC, Asheville, N. C., sees television as the up-and-coming field for women, especially in the realm of fashion designing and interior decorating.

Miriam Lane, KMPC, Hollywood, California, feels that training in speech, drama, writing and advertising, is invaluable for a good foundation in any phase of radio you choose.

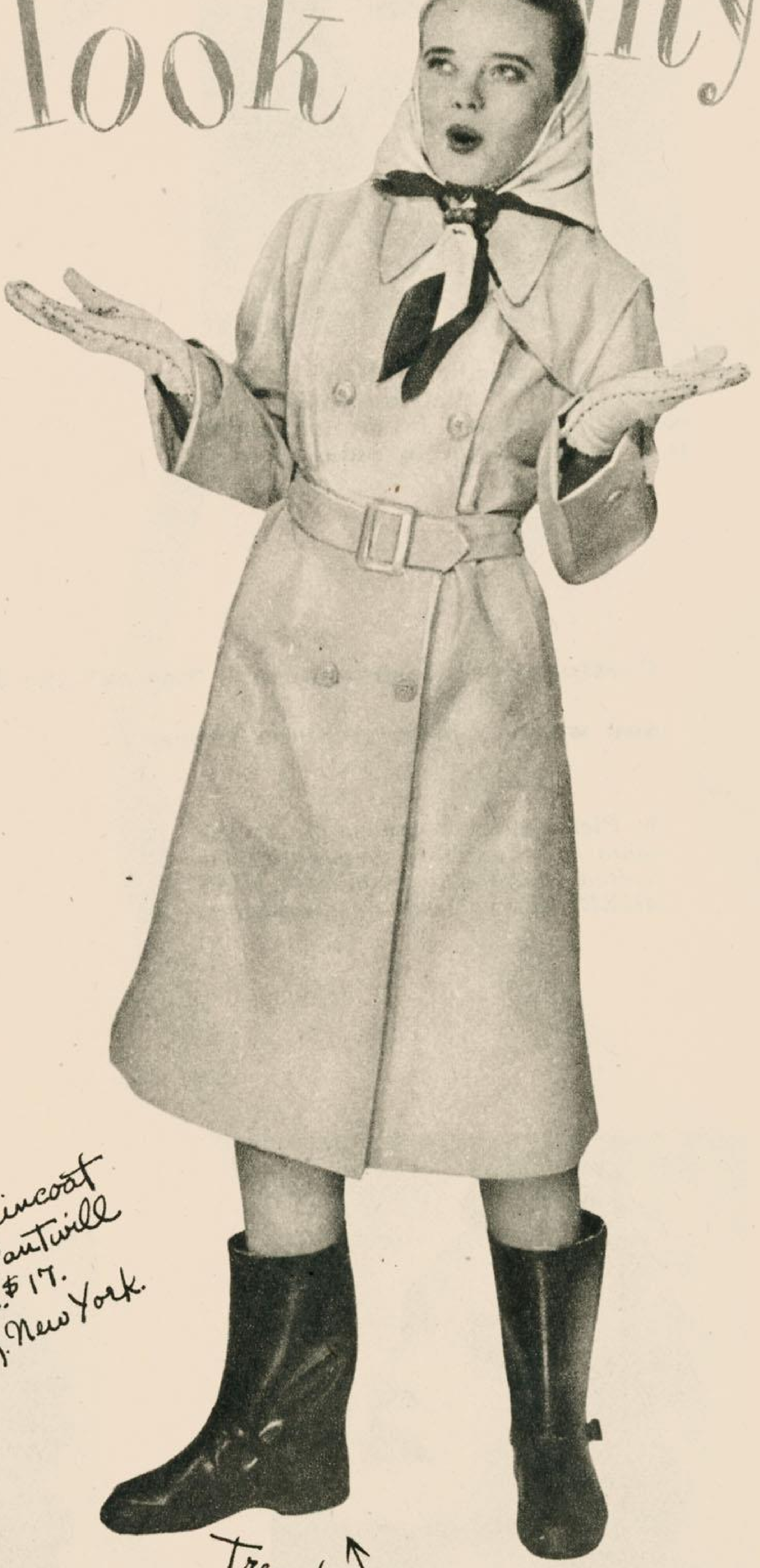
WGL's commentator Rosemary Stanger (Fort Wayne, Indiana) emphasizes Public Service for people with a strong sense of responsibility, and a desire to create a better world.

"Mike-minded" young women, according to Velma Dart, WKST, New Castle, Pa., should be able to work *hard*, strive constantly for perfection, and cope with competition.

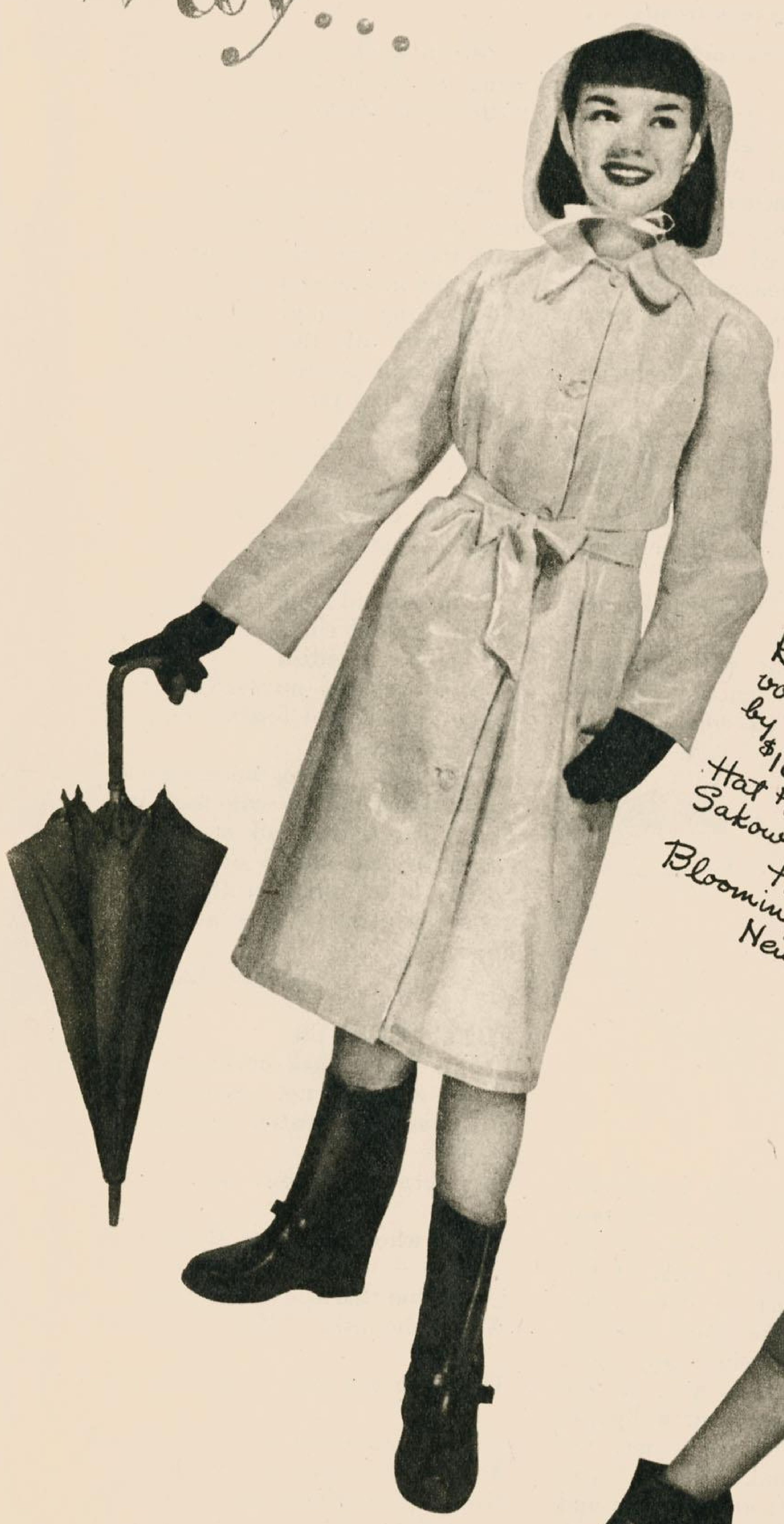
rain, rain, look my way...



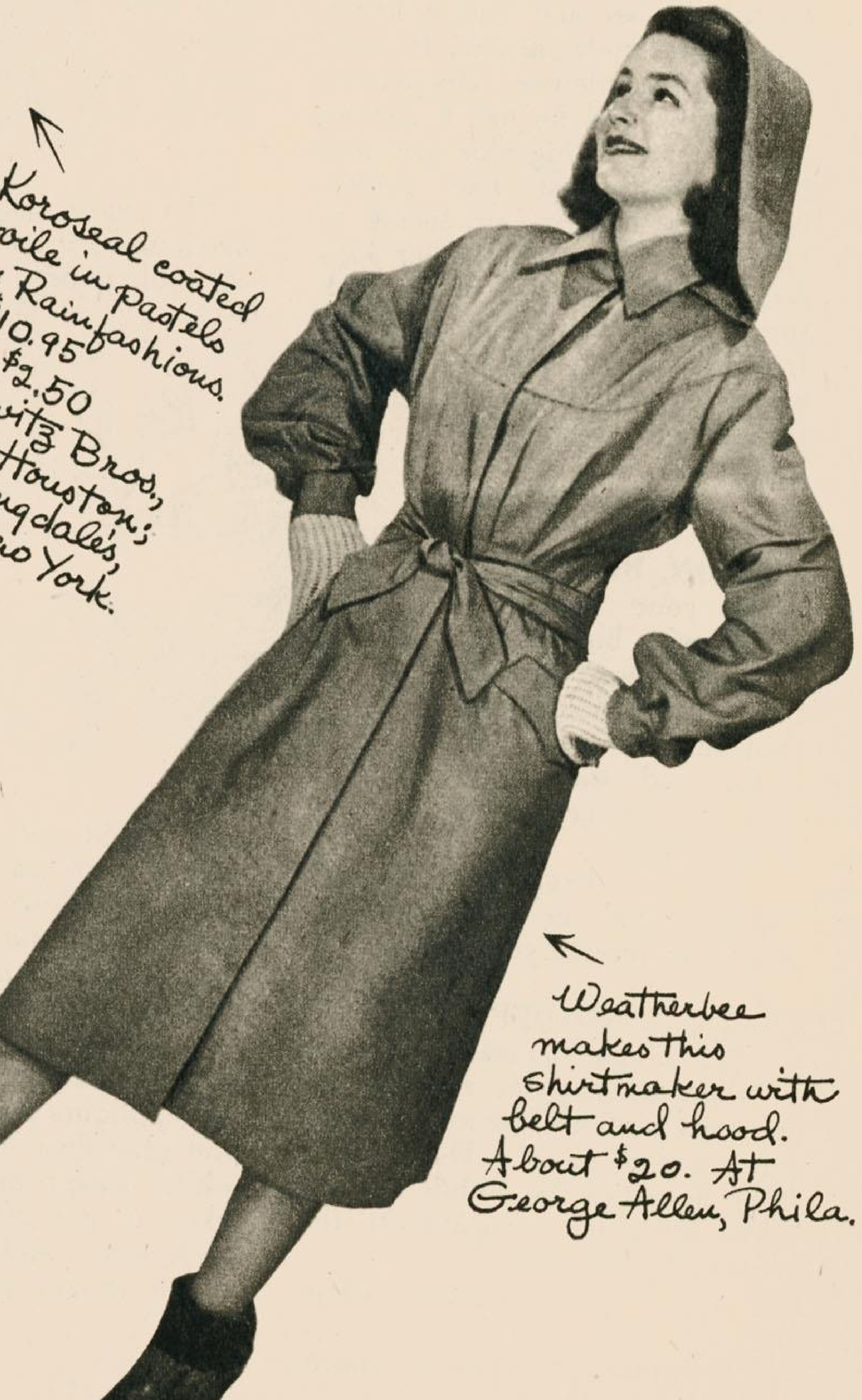
"Buster Brown" raincoat in Dan River's DanTwill by Sherbrooke. $17. At R.H. Macy. New York.



Trench coat by Utility Raingarb in rainbow colors. About $11. At B. Altman, N.Y.; S.H. Heironimus, Roanoke, Va.; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans.



Koroseal coated voile in pastels by Rainfashions. $10.95 Hat $2.50 Sakowitz Bros., Houston; Bloomingdale's, New York.



Weatherbee makes this shirtmaker with belt and hood. About $20. At George Allen, Phila.

Boots by U. S. Rubber Co.
Umbrellas by Columbia
Scarfs by Babé

Miss America Speaks...

Our idea-and-inspiration dept. devoted solely to finding out the latest in teen trends . . . and sending you a dollar for each one . . .

WHEN 'The Yearling' was being made here in Florida, I visited the set and had a lovely time with Claude Jarman, Jr., who is *Jody* in the picture. His parents were there, and he has a darling little sister with big blue eyes and blonde hair just like *Jody's.* Claude is all boy—he seems to like just what all the other kids do: football, animals, biking, riding, fishing. He is very friendly, and I believe he has a great future in the movies. Watch for him!"

Juanita Johnson

BUTTON, BUTTON

"If your blouse is frayed with buttons off, tie little ribbons through the button holes and then fashion them into bows, and there you have a complete new blouse front."

Peggy Ann Rogan*

*Please send us your address, Peggy, to receive your dollar.

DECORATING DEPT.

"For a cute doorstop for your bedroom door, paint a red building brick with a white wavy border on top and sides. Then put a large flower in the middle on top. Paint the brick according to the colors of your room."

Jerry Nelson

"To make an unusual wastepaper basket, get an ice cream carton from your neighborhood store. Paint it according to the color scheme of your room. After the paint has dried, cut out pictures from a magazine to go around the sides, to suit your own taste."

Bernice Beckwith

"If you saturate a wad of cotton with perfume and wipe it on a light bulb, when you snap on the light—lo and behold! you'll find that the heat from the globe sends out the most delicate scent!"

Mary Margaret Turner

"To make your old bed look like a modern one, cut some pieces of wall paper (to match your room) and cover your headboard with it (you may have to use tape to hold it down). Next, do the same to the side or rails of the bed—but be sure to cover both the outside and the inside of them. If you would rather use plain white paper for this—you can cut out appliques from your wallpaper and glue them tastefully onto the white background. Also, if you like, you can get an old table and pleat some wallpaper all around, for a snazzy matching dressing table."

Ida May Sambell

HAIR TO STAY

"Girls, I have a wonderful idea for keeping your combs bright and clean! Just before retiring at night put your comb in an old glass with 1 tsp. of baking soda and fill it with hot water. When you wake up, you'll find a brand-new comb!"

Irene Garvick

"When washing your comb, try using an old toothbrush to scrub it clean—it works wonders!"

Gloria Parke

"Ask your mother for some of her jar rubbers if she doesn't want them. Cut them in half and put a slit in one end of each half. Cut it long enough to slip the other end of the jar rubber through and presto! You have a curler. Each jar rubber makes two!"

Bessie McKenzie

WHAT'S COOKING DEPT.

Toasted Ham Fingers

1 cup ground boiled ham
1 cup grated cheese
½ tsp. horse-radish
½ tsp. prepared mustard
½ cup condensed tomato soup
5 slices bread

Mix ham, cheese, horse-radish, mustard and tomato soup together. Toast bread, trim off crusts and cut each slice into 3 or 4 strips. Spread with mixture, then toast under broiler. Makes about 15 fingers."

Germaine Lartey

POET'S CORNER

I think that I shall never see,
A girl who will not pester me,
For comb and lipstick, powder puff
Just because she lost her "stuff."

A girl who makes me shake with fear,
Everytime that she comes near,
When she asks, "May I borrow that?"
Then uses my puff to pat, and pat.

So in conclusion I'd like to add
That these habits are very bad.
Every girl friend can't be "the good kind"—
So use *your* makeup, and I'll use *mine!*

Rosalie Driewer

POLL YOUR POPULARITY

From page 19

they're too aggressive, overlook good manners in the heat of their busy, young lives. Take, for instance, this matter of dating. What usually happens, laments Gene, is that most girls regard their good-night-to-parents as a call-to-arms. They fling themselves into their coats, race to the door, grab the knob triumphantly, calling "I've got it!" into their chagrined escort's face. Then—listen to them cat blithely about how unmannerly that "guy I went out with last Friday is—doesn't even help a gal with her coat!"

Broken into its component parts, good manners are one part kindness, one part thoughtfulness. Fellows—and leave us face it—*are* impressed with the little things which show good breeding. And it's so easy to acquire *savoir faire* just by keeping your eyes open when with adults.

They're impressed, too, when guys ask, "Say, who was that *lady* I saw you with last night?"

PRETTY and poised Betty Cornell is certainly no Sad Sack when it comes to a dating-rating. One of Conover's most popular models, she owlishly makes the most of her enviable status. Instead of clinging to her own narrow group of friends, Betty seeks out those girls who are not-so-popular, realizing how much unhappiness loneliness can bring. Often, she finds that the chicks classified as Drips, Sr. Grade, need only a little encouragement to draw them out. So if you *are* popular, Betty urges, draw others into your own little circle; broaden it, broaden yourself. You're being nice—and, at the same time, you get the credit and joy of a new friend.

By the same token, she continues, don't be afraid to take the initiative in developing new relationships. Being warm and sincere with your compliments is the surest way to win friends and influence people.

"A GIRL'S a girl," Jay tells us, "so she's got a point in her favor, right there." But in spite of his marked partiality for the opposite sex, this bright (and loquacious) young man has a personal pet peeve which makes him *run*, not walk, to the nearest exit every time he meets a female who's infected with it.

He does *not* enthuse over girls who are in a perpetual state of emotion. "You know the type," Jay says, goose-pimpling. "She should be in Hollywood—*she* thinks. She can make a production out of anything—everything, *nothing!* Complete with waving arms, shrill histrionics—Miss Animated Cartoon of 1947!

"Also," he continues, shuddering, "you can recognize her by her choice of vocabulary—unlimited, when it comes to '*dahling*'. Ixnay," he concludes, "why don't they leave the theatrics for Ingrid Bergman.

"Oh, and speaking of Ingrid—now there's my idea of a *woman!* Did I ever tell you about the time—"

"I WANT a gal . . . who can be a pal," Tommy asserts. "One who isn't afraid to get her hands dirty, or her feet wet, or her hair mussed.

"If the gang decides on a hike, come spring, I expect her to climb into her old saddles and go tramping through the woods with the rest. If it's a tennis match, I don't want to sit making *idle* chatter on the sidelines. I like a gal who can get in the swim—literally."

Gals should be "joiners," Tommy avers. Those who can enjoy any spur-of-the-moment plan, without two weeks' advance notice, get his vote. So will the girl who can enthusiastically join the fun when someone suggests a game at a party. Frankly, the sight of a female wrinkling her nose in disdain, or sniffing at such "childish things," leaves him colder than a tray of tutti-frutti.

No paper dolly for this lad!

WOMEN are born talkers—ask any man! "And as long as we're going to be tagged that way, we might as well live up to, even *surpass*, that reputation," says Dolores, who knows whereof *she* speaks (quite ably, too!). "I notice a person's speaking voice instantly upon being introduced, and a good voice always makes a good impression."

With a little "sound" advice from Dolores you can set about mending your own speech ways. First, she advises, if there is a definite speech impediment handicapping you, clear it up with guided practice. For poise and confidence while speaking, try your local dramatic club, or again your school's public speaking classes. Finally—what to talk about? Go no further than the corner newsstand—arm yourself with stacks of magazines, papers—and look at what's *underneath* the headlines.

STACY'S view of people is rather a long-range one. Sure, she's aware of them as individuals, but she also considers them as world-citizens.

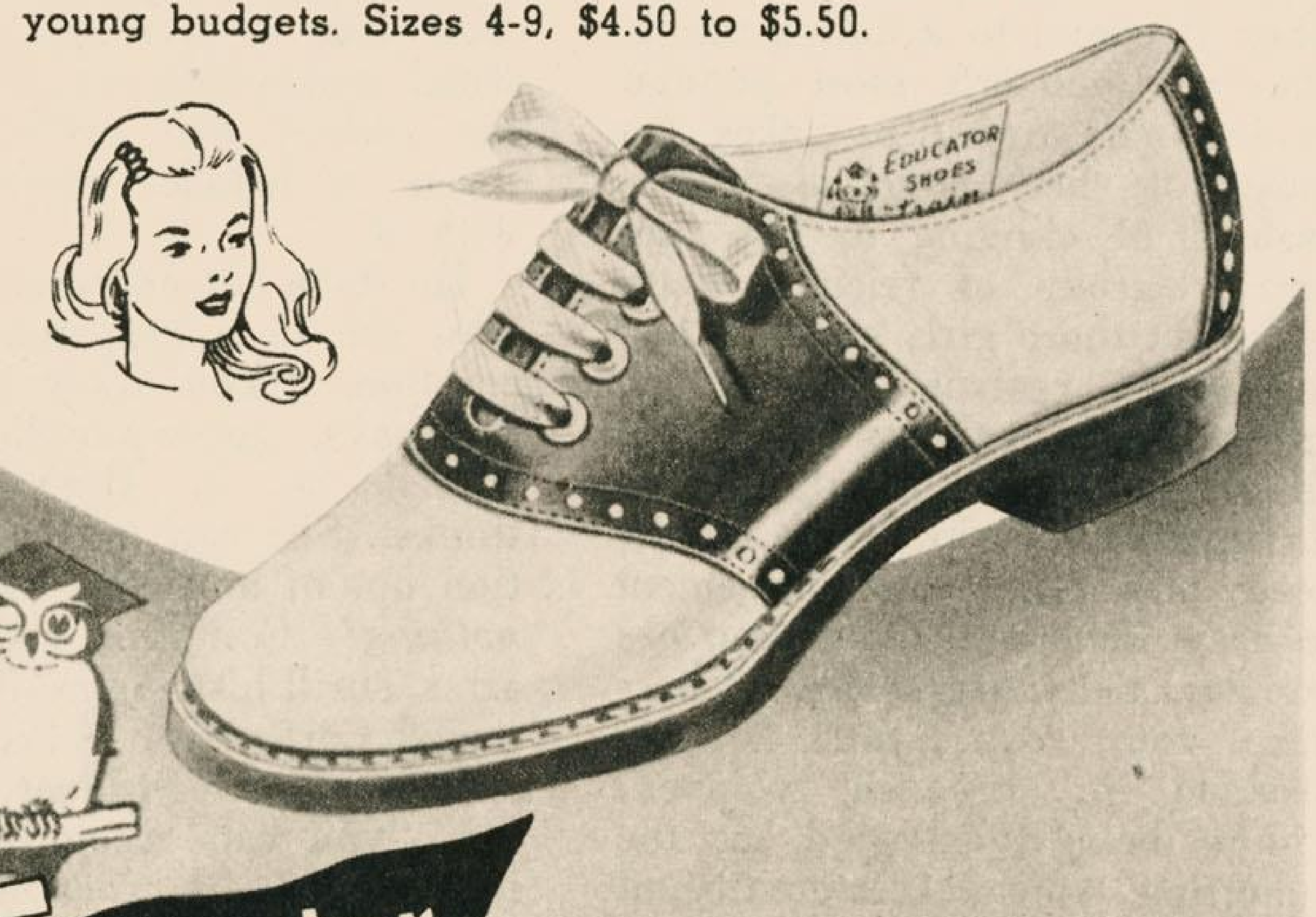
"It's a big, wonderful world that we live in—and everyone is part of it. The most important single job we have is straightening out this business of race and creed. We should stop using the word 'tolerance' in connection with it. We are not patronizing or tolerating other people because of an accidental difference in skin pigment or religious heritage. Rather we should be *appreciating* all viewpoints."

Stacy's impressed with teenagers who can understand and discuss intelligently the problems of our nation and world.

"These are important times," she emphasizes, "and people's thinking and living should be done in accordance with them."

EDUCATOR

Still the best name to ask for in a gal's saddle! A shoe you'll love to live in, it's so good-looking, so smooth to wear, so easy on the feet. Every pair backed by 50 years' experience making top fashions in shoe values for limited young budgets. Sizes 4-9, $4.50 to $5.50.



Educator SHOES

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"WALKING DREAM"

Your pet jewelry
that walks away with all
the honors for gaiety
and glamour.

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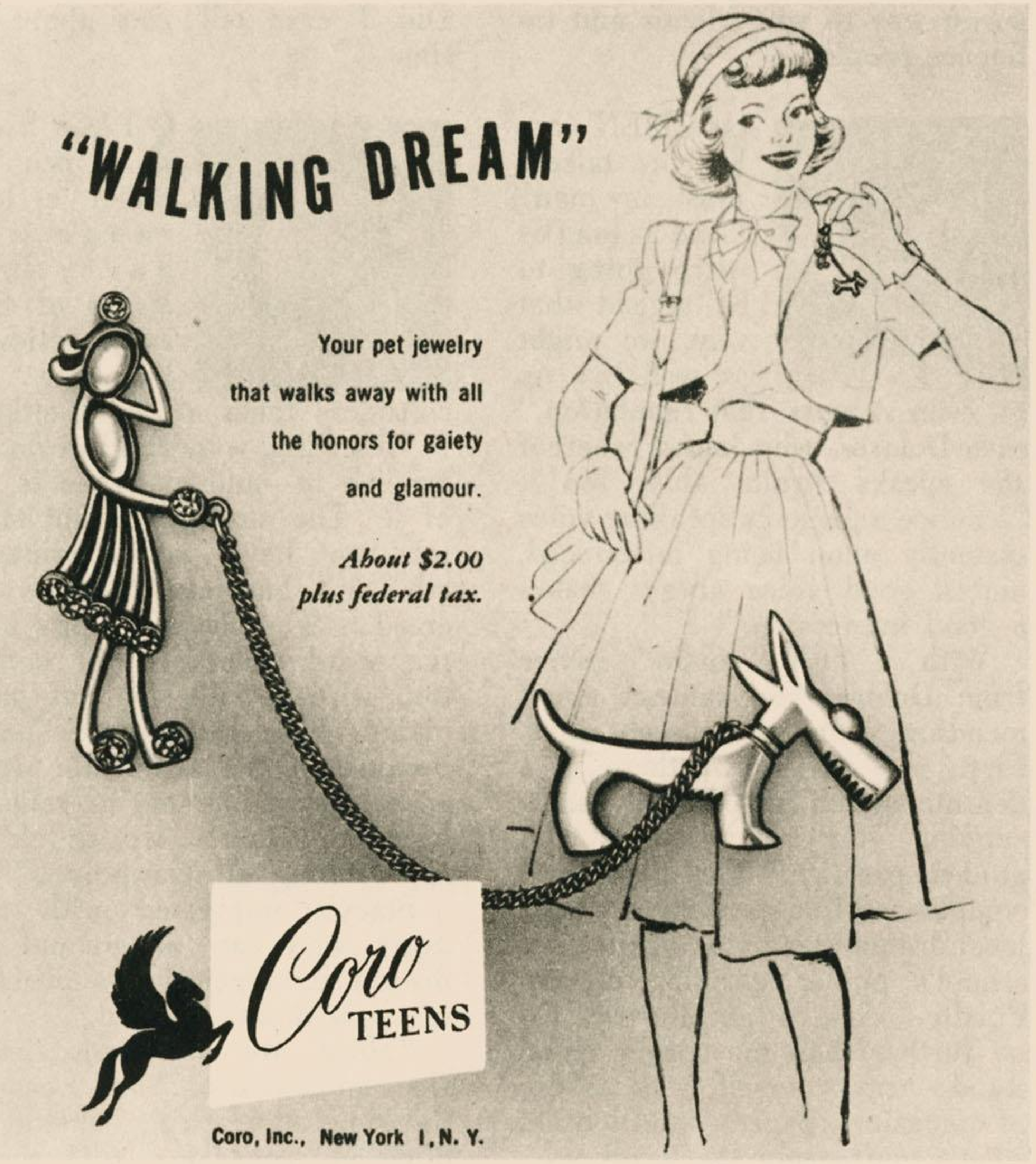
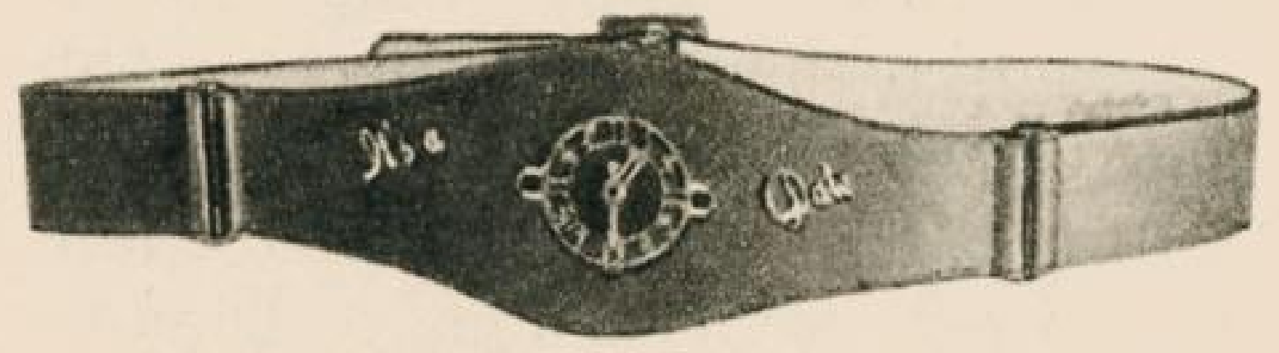


Coro TEENS

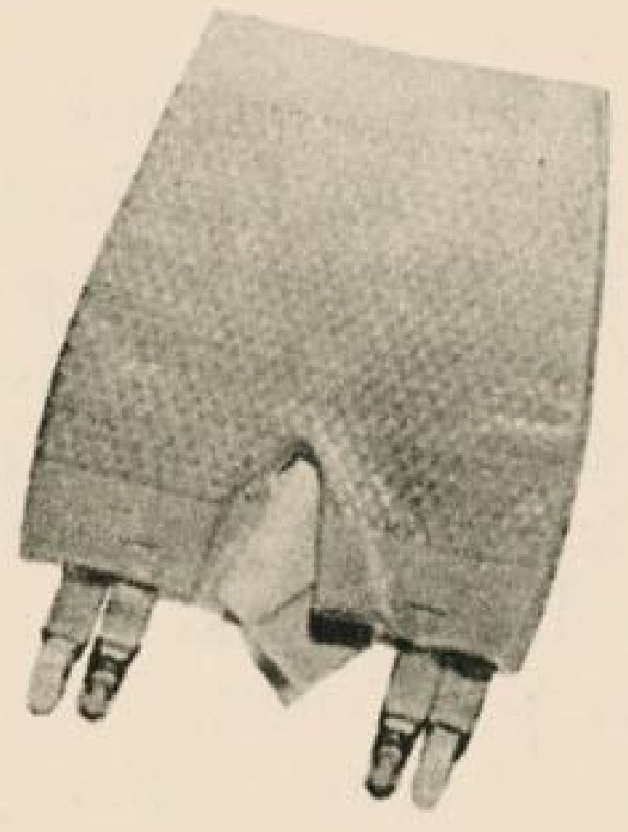
Coro, Inc., New York I, N. Y.

Pin money Buys...

HEY lookee! We've been out scouting the town again for you this month and have cornered everything for your dating pleasure—even to the clocked belt with metal hands which you set to remind yourself of the bewitching hour and to insure your being on time. Nothing, so boys tell us, is more annoying than calling for a girl and having to wait hours for her! This is a plastic patent belt by Silroy, 220 West 40th Street, New York, with a back (or front, if you please) buckle to insure snug fit. Many colors, red and black included, for only $4. Talk about date-bait, this is it!



To wear with it—an uncountable number of tiny pleats make this oh-so-wide-broomstick-skirt. And when soiled, wash it, wrap it around a stick to dry and there you are! In pretty percale prints on pastel grounds, it fits waistlines from 22 to 28, costs $4. For store nearest you write Sport Valley Togs, 1384 Broadway, New York.



Knowing the importance of keeping your lithe, lean look, you'll be wearing this featherweight girdle (you wouldn't dare go without, would you?) by Real Form, 358 5th Avenue. In tearose or white. $3.

To keep your hair in place, a pretty pastel spun rayon fringed scarf, by Sally Gee, 240 Madison Avenue for $1. Catch the scarf under your chin with this new jewel-toned "Kno-Knot" by Artlee Products Co., at 251 West 40th Street. "Kno-Knots" beflowered or patterned are 39c in plastic and $1 metalized in silver, gold or copper (pink gold).*

And on your arm, exciting bracelets handmade in shiny copper at $1* each. Benton Handcraft, 1241 East 18th Street, Brooklyn 30, New York. Top off the finished picture with your new lipstick—Pond's. "Lips" latest is "Dither"—10c to 49c* at any drug or variety store.

Write to the manufacturers listed above for Pin Money Buys.

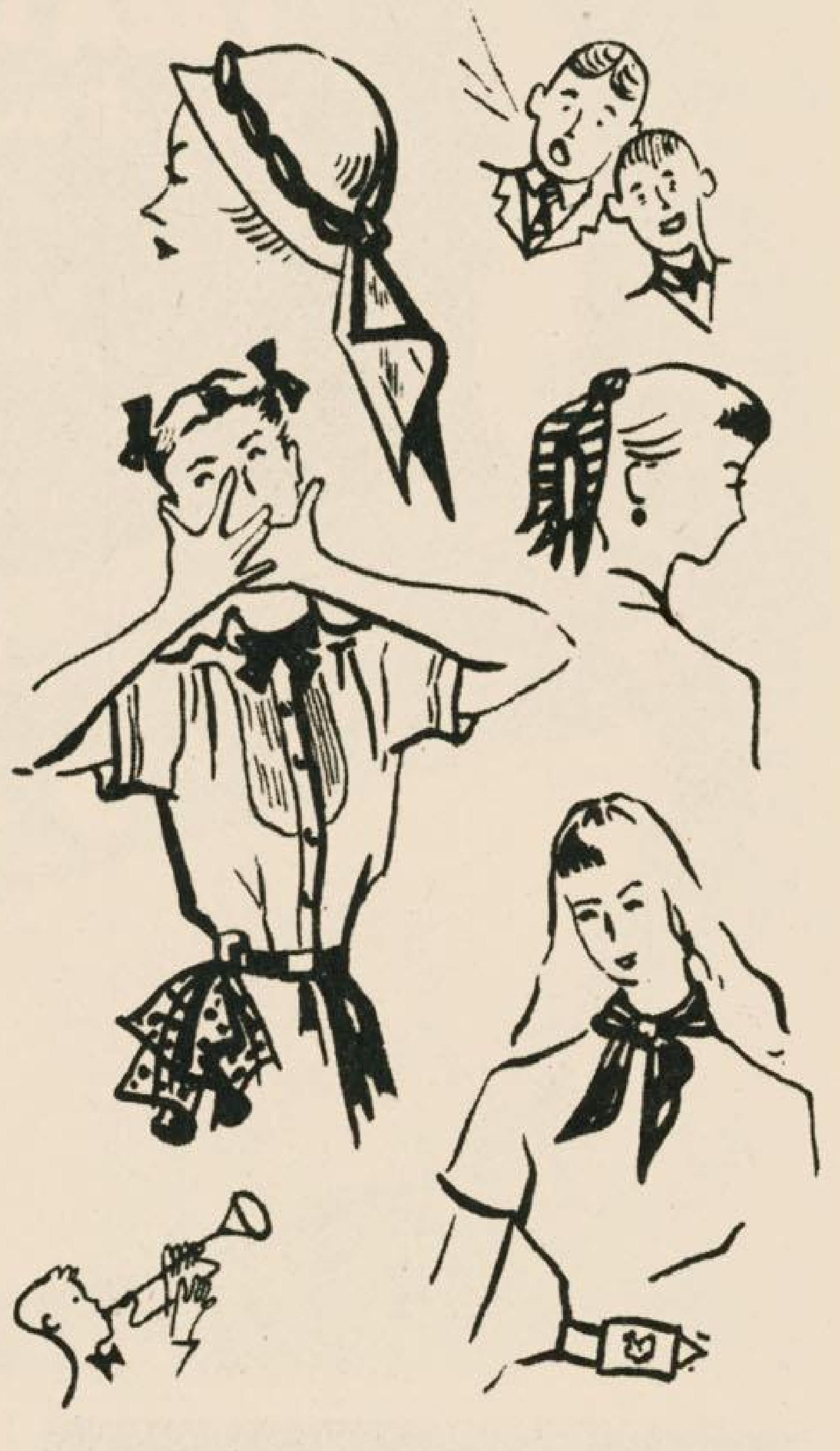
* Plus tax

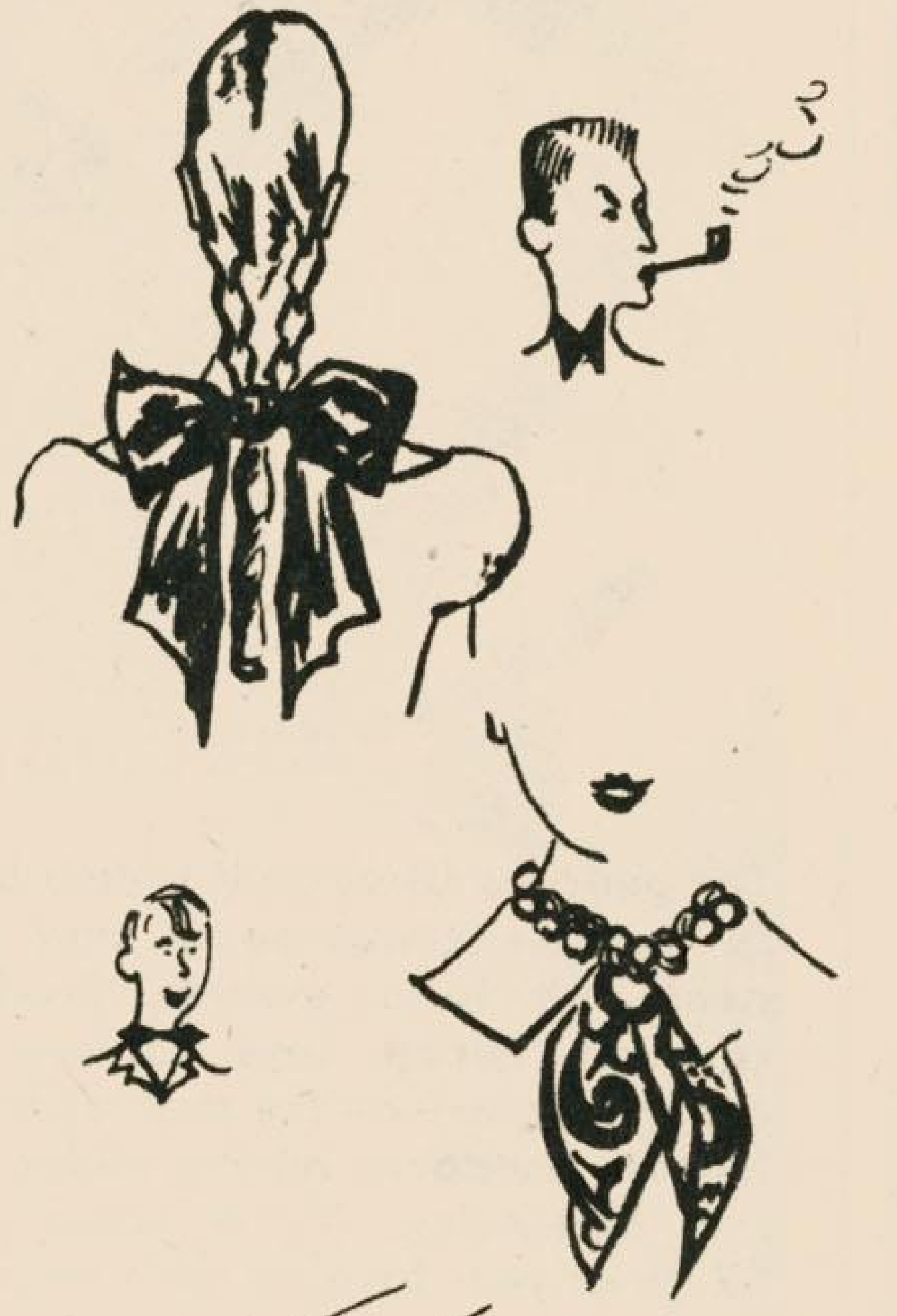
Take it from THE BOYS

Rusty, Long, lanky, most-likely-to-succeed at anything he starts. Edits his school paper, runs a fire-engine red jalopy, is a pushover for pretzels, swing bands and pretty girls.

Me, I'm strictly a romantic character. The sensitive type. Like a girl who concentrates on me, isn't always playing peekaboo with mirrors. Sure I hanker for a smooth-looking package—but I like to keep thinking it comes naturally. Nothing gives a guy's illusions a worse shellacking than watching a girl redecorate.

I like a dish with taste, says Rusty . . . always a step or two ahead of the crowd. And these six ways to tie a scarf and entice a beau are definitely in the super-packaging department.





Hooray for you if you're whistle-worthy but better keep that Angel Aura too. Takes only a whisper of unlovely perspiration odor to nip romance in the bud. Don't be half-safe . . . be ARRID SAFE. Use Arrid—to be sure. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely. Arrid *insures* your glamour, keeps you nice-to-be-near-to.

Only ARRID
Gives You This Unequalled
3-Way Protection

1. Arrid really protects you from offending others. No other deodorant, only Arrid, stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely.
2. Arrid really protects your clothes. Stops perspiration, so prevents stains. Awarded American Institute of Laundering Seal "Harmless to Fabrics."
3. Arrid is really safe for your skin. Arrid is non-irritating, declare leading skin specialists. Used by many doctors and nurses. Antiseptic. Gentle.

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New Improved ARRID

PYRAMID
Teen Town
ON THE BEAM FOR TEENS

"Hi, Ho, Mexico"...

Teen Town's newest carry-all

See, Senoritas, this love of a bag to hold all your treasures! It's cleverly fashioned of white Haitian straw, with a zippered plastic patent top and plastic shoulder strap. It's bright with Mexican embroidery trim in red or blue — right for all your gay times and play times. About $3.00.

For nearest store, write, stating county, to:
PYRAMID, 27 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

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HYGIENIC PLASTIC CASE

Sani-Case keeps your secret—while it keeps a sanitary napkin or supply of tampons always handy. Fits conveniently into purse or desk drawer . . . keeps sanitary needs (tissues too) fresh and clean.

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347 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
Please send me....sani-case(s) at 50c each, plus 10c to cover postage and packing for one or more. I enclose $........... .....
Indicate color — ☐ Brown or ☐ Ivory.

NAME..

ADDRESS......................................
In Canada add 10c

Silroy spotlights . . .

A PEACH and A POUCH!

The "peach" is JAN FORD in P.R.C.'s "Devil On Wheels"

The pouch is Silroy's all saddle leather, all-purpose zipper-pouch and Sweetheart Belt. Holds everything — lipstick compact, hanky, keys, address book, change purse—all the stuff a girl needs indoors, outdoors, hiking, biking, dancing, romancing. It's a honey! About $2.98 at your favorite store — or write:

SPOTLIGHT BELTS*
220 W. 40th ST.
NEW YORK 18
by Silroy

*Reg. Trade Mark

CHAMPION THE BREAKFAST

From page 14

start (or more likely, the finish) of "my day," says practically every teen-ager. Also the reason so many of said teens keep yawning in the morning, even through that super-stimulating "Problems of Higher Mathematics" course, second period. But besides trying to keep awake to find out what *x*, the unknown quantity equals, the reasons for having a good breakfast are numerous—and sound.

Like *Reason Number One:* Breakfast follows the longest fast, and you should have a decent tuck-in after such a long pause, to set you off properly on another day's work and fun.

Or, *Two:* Your food needs are high at this time, because you are still growing about 2 inches a year. So your food must supply the building bricks for new and strong cells, and also must provide the energy essential for putting these bricks together and running the body machine.

Or *Three:* You're also gaining weight (9-10½ pounds yearly between 13 and 15; 3¼-6½ pounds between 16 and 17), so you must also have about a third of your daily needs of all essential proteins, vitamins and minerals, plus ample "calories" for energy.

Everyday you should have for breakfast:

1—fruit or fruit juice
2—cereal
3—bread and butter
4—hot beverage

Eggs, too, are a good idea; have 'em as often as you care to, but four a week is a good average.

Starting with *fruit*, the choice is, of course, almost unlimited. Follow the seasons! And of course have your fruit preferably raw or as fresh juice.

Cereals are the backbone of your breakfast. And here you have the choice of wheat, corn, barley, oats, buckwheat and rice. You can have them hot or ready-to-eat. Give your preference to whole-grained or restored cereals —the label will tell you which is which! Ready-to-eat cereals are your first choice in the warm Summer months, with milk or top-milk cream, or with fresh sliced fruit.

Here are a few suggestions on cereal combination-dishes: Mix milk or light cream with a little pineapple juice and pour over puffed rice; put 1 tablespoon of orange jam on your corn flakes before you add the milk, and mix lightly; mix berries with a little citrus juice (incidentally, watch the color change to a bright red!) and blend with wheat flakes. Broken up peanuts (unsalted, of course) are an excellent addition to all sorts of cooked or ready to eat cereals; sweet juices and cream blend well with them.

As to *bread*, it does not just mean bread and no change! You can have whole-grain or white (enriched) bread, rolls, buns, and all the quick breads such as muffins, biscuits and popovers. Or you can have toast: either dry or buttered, French toast is fine for a Sunday treat. Waffles and griddle cakes are another idea for a special-special Sunday "bread-variety."

Now is the time for milk. You know, of course, that four cups is your daily minimum ration, and weight-conscious objectors can have skimmed or butter milk. But whatever it is, sip it slowly—never gulp it down!

Now here are two sample breakfasts for two sample girls:

MISS LANKY LOU		MISS PLUMP POLLY
	Number One	
(about 670 calories)		(about 324 calories)
1 medium	fresh orange	½ medium
1 teaspoon	with honey	none
1 cup	cornflakes	½ cup
1 teaspoon	with sugar	none
½ cup	and whole milk	⅓ cup
2 slices	toast	1 slice
2 pats	with butter	1 pat
1 cup	cocoa made with	none
none	skimmed milk	1 cup
(about 675 calories)	*Or for Variety*	(about 321 calories)
1 cup	grapefruit juice, unsweetened	½ cup
1 cup	puffed wheat	½ cup
1 medium	egg, soft-cooked or poached	1 medium
2 slices	whole-wheat bread	1 slice
1 pat	butter	½ pat
1 tablespoon	jam or marmalade	none
1 cup (whole)	milk	1 cup (skimmed)

...flunking in glamour?

let Noxzema nurse your skin

...it's a skin aid to natural beauty

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as an aid to a lovelier complexion

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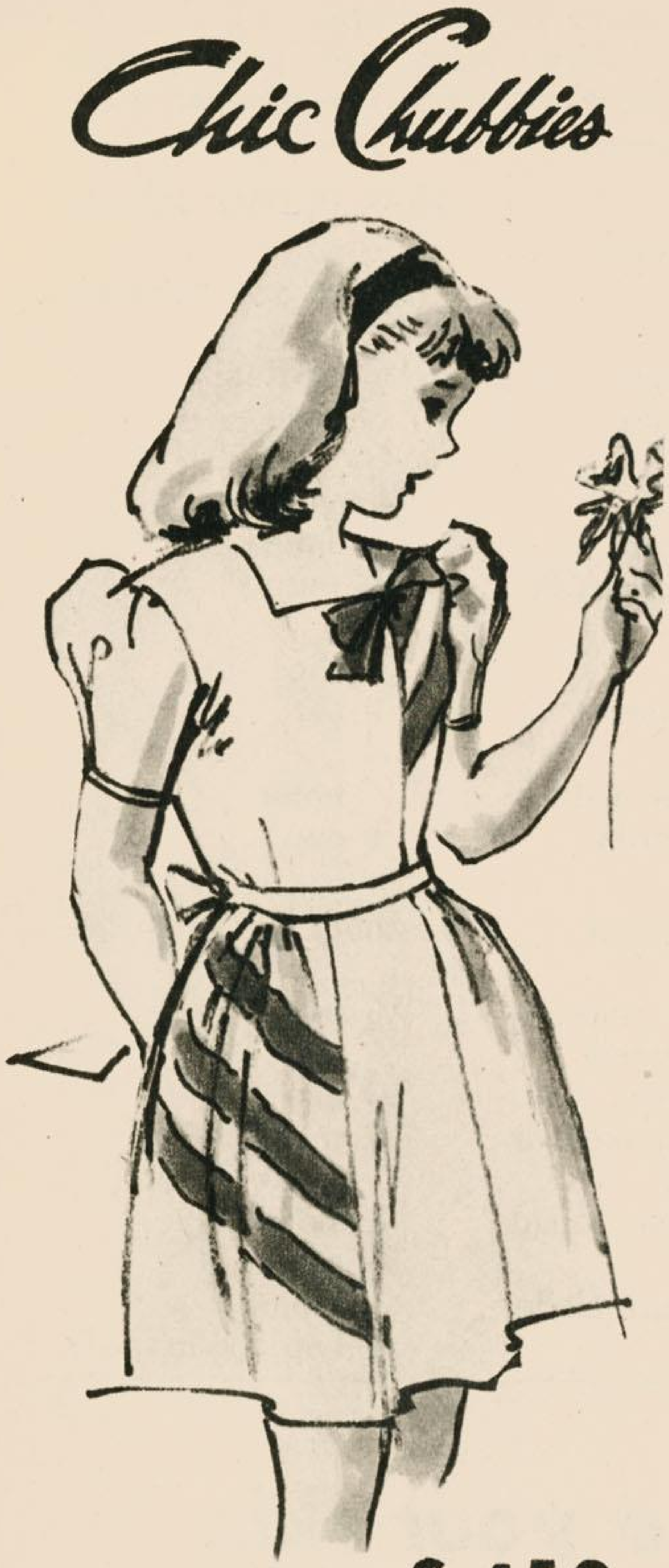

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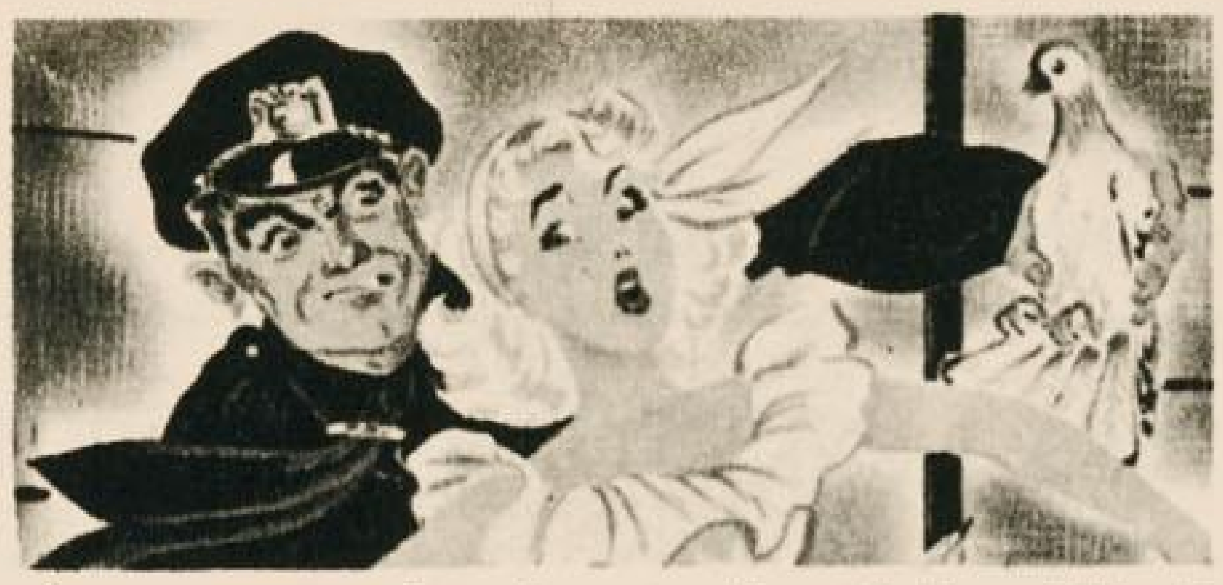
THE MAYOR, THE PIGEON AND THE COP

From page 21



the quarterback on the Offut High football team with curly-brown hair—I tip-toed a little to see if maybe Biff was sitting in his front window and there on top of the snowdrifts was Joe. If I hadn't tip-toed just then I never would have seen Joe at all. It was Kismet.

"Look, Talksy," I said. "Look at that poor little pigeon!"

"I can't see him," Talksy said. "I am too short."

I lifted her up and she reached out and picked Joe up off the snow bank in her hand. Joe had been hurt and couldn't fly. He wasn't afraid or anything. He just sort of snuggled down in my hands when Talksy gave him to me.

We stopped in Speigel's, and Talksy had a banana split and I had a chocolate sundae with peanuts. Joe ate all the peanuts.

Mother made quite a fuss when I brought Joe home, but Pop took my side. I'll bet he won't vote for you again either after what happened to Joe, but Mother probably will. She says you are good looking.

"Look, Gorgeous," Pop said to Mother, "If I make a cage for Joe, and Kitty promises to take care of him will you let him stay?"

Mother said "All right, if Kitty takes care of Joe" like I knew she would when Pop called her Gorgeous. She dearly loves Pop to call her Gorgeous.

In case you are confused, Mr. Mayor, Kitty is me. That is what my folks call me although all the kids call me Wordsy. Because of the debating team, you know.

Joe must have been pretty badly hurt because he never learned to fly again. When Spring came I used to take him out in the back yard and put him on the low limb of our tree and he'd just walk, back and forth, wishing he could fly. It was pretty sad. The only time he was really happy was when I'd put him on my shoulder and go down to Speigel's with Talksy. Joe just loved the peanuts on my chocolate sundaes.

Well, last Sunday afternoon Talksy said, "I think Joe looks awfully sad just walking back and forth, back and forth, on that branch. Let's take him for a walk over to the zoo. There is a whole cage of pigeons in the bird house. Maybe he is lonesome and a little chat with some other pigeons will do him some good."

I said "Let's" and that was my undoing.

We were standing in front of the pigeon cage in the bird house and Joe seemed very happy. He was ruffling his feathers and cooing at the pigeons in the cage when a gruff voice accosted me.

"And where," this voice asked, "did you get that bird?"

I turned around and there was this huge policeman with a very ruddy complexion and sticky-out ears and big feet.

"Are you referring to Joe?" I asked him coldly.

"I am referring to that there bird on your shoulder, young lady. Where did you get same?"

"We found same if it is any of your business," Talksy said.

The policeman turned ruddier and began to breathe very loudly.

"I'll have you know, young lady, that it is my business. Stolen property is always the business of the law. I am the law and that there is a stolen pigeon!"

Then Talksy got mad.

"Why you big flatfoot," she said. "How dare you accuse us of stealing a pigeon? We'll have the law on you!"

"Listen," said the policeman. "Somebody has been opening the door to that there cage and stealing pigeons. Mr. Williams, the Curator of Birds, asked the Force to keep an eye on things. I was assigned to the job this morning.

"Half an hour ago there were twelve pigeons in that there cage. Now there are eleven. But just outside the cage, on a young lady's shoulder, is one pigeon. One pigeon and eleven pigeons make twelve pigeons."

Talksy snickered.

It was probably very rude of Talksy, but it does not excuse what that policeman then did. He grabbed Joe in one paw and with the other he gave, first Talksy and then me, a spank where no public servant should ever spank a lady taxpayer and said, "Beat it."

I looked back over my shoulder as we left the bird house and the officer was putting poor little Joe in the cage with the other pigeons.

The officer's badge number was 6767 and I hope you will reprimand same. Also say that Joe is mine, and order him to return same.

Yours very truly
Kitty (Wordsy) Muldoon

P.S. Don't forget about 1952.

Officer of the Mayor
City Hall
Miss Kitty (Wordsy) Muldoon,
111 Wooster Avenue
Edwarton, Little Falls

Dear Miss Muldoon:

We have checked with the Police Department and learn that badge 6767 belongs to Patrolman Donovan J. Donovan. Disciplinary steps will be taken.

I have also written the Curator of Birds at the zoo, Mr. Williams, asking him to return Joe to you if you will call for same.

Yours very truly,
Winthrop O'Gallagher,
Mayor.

P.S. I hope you change your mind about me before 1952.

111 Wooster Avenue
Edwarton, Little Falls
The Hon. Winthrop O'Gallagher,
Mayor,
City Hall

Dear Mr. Mayor:

I have put your letter in my memory book. It is the first I ever received from a City Hall.

Talksy was here when Mr. Doheny, the mailman, brought it.

Mr. Doheny handed it to me and said, "Friend of the Mayor, Kitty? If you are, I wish you'd ask him to do something about getting the sidewalks on my route repaved. Near break my neck every day on those cracks."

"Mr. Doheny," I said. "The Mayor is no friend of mine. One of his policeman stole Joe."

"My, my!" said Mr. Doheny.

"Open it up, Wordsy," Talksy said.

When we had read it, Talksy said, "So that policeman's name is Donovan J. Donovan! I'd like to wave that letter in his face and give him a piece of my mind."

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GO WEST... Young Lady, GO WEST

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Science is armed with X-ray, radium, and surgery to defeat this deadly killer—but you MUST help yourself.

30 to 50% of cancer's victims might be saved if we recognized cancer's danger signals.

PROTECT YOURSELF AND YOUR LOVED ONES

See your doctor at least once a year.

Be alert to cancer's danger signals: 1. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips; 2. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip or tongue; 3. Progressive change in the color or size of a wart or mole; 4. Persistent indigestion; 5. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing; 6. Bloody discharge from the nipple or irregular bleeding from any of the natural body openings; 7. Any radical change in normal bowel habits.

Next, support the American Cancer Society, whose crusade to save lives is carried on purely through voluntary contributions.

Your active participation may save your own life . . . or that of a loved one. Yes, One in Three may be saved! Will you help?

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SENT ON APPROVAL!

"Me too," I said. "That way he spanked—er, struck—me! The bully!"

We looked in the telephone book and there he was—Donovan J. Donovan, plcmn, 141 Wooster Avenue, SWerling O-1234. That was Kismet again. We live at 111 Wooster Avenue and Donovan J. Donovan lived at 141, only a block away. It just goes to show that in a big town you hardly know your next door neighbor.

Well, Talksy and I went over to 141 Wooster Avenue and rang the bell. Pretty soon this awful boy opened the door. He was about sixteen and six feet tall and he had a ruddy complexion with sticky-out ears and big feet.

"Yipes!" Talksy said. "Don't tell me that there are two Officer Donovans! Look at those ears, those feet."

"Oh, I'm not Officer Donovan," the boy said looking at me and getting ruddier and ruddier. He smiled and crinkled his eyes and he kept putting his hands in his pockets and taking them out again.

"Gosh," he said, "I'm not Officer Donovan. That's Pop. Gosh, your eyes are awful blue. I'm Donny Donovan, Junior."

I must have turned ruddy myself because the way he looked made me feel warm all over.

Did you ever notice, Mr. Mayor, that when you look at some people the first time they are homely, but when you look at them again they are cute? That is the way it was with Donny. He grew cute on me.

"Pop'll be home soon," Donny said. "Won't you ladies come in and wait?"

While we were waiting Donny told us a good deal about himself. He is a sophomore at Southside High and plays fullback on the football team, third base on the baseball team, and once ran the hundred in 9.8. He said he was thinking of transferring to Offut High next Fall, and won't that be wonderful for us, Mr. Mayor? If there is anything we need at Offut it is a good fullback and third baseman and a man who can do the hundred in 9.8, with eyes that crinkle up when he smiles.

I told Donny what had happened between his Pop and me at the zoo and he was very sorry.

"It isn't all Pop's fault. He's so worried about things that he gets grouchy with people. He used to be the nicest guy. All the kids on his beat loved him, but now he barks at everybody, even me."

"What things are worrying him?" Talksy asked.

"Money. The Force hasn't had a raise in eight years and you know how much more expensive things are today. Pop says he can't make ends meet."

Well, after Talksy and I heard what made Officer Donovan mean to us were his worries over things that weren't his fault, and when Donny said he would transfer to Offut High in the Fall, I decided to drop the whole matter.

"Don't say a word about our being here, Donny," I said. "And I will personally write His Honor, the Mayor, and ask him to forget the disciplinary action he said he was going to take."

It was then I decided that I *would* vote for you in 1952. You brought Donny and me together. It was Kismet, thanks to you.

But that isn't the whole story, Mr. Mayor.

Last Sunday Donny and I went over to the zoo to get Joe and what do you think? Joe isn't really a Joe at all. He was sitting on two eggs in a nest in the cage looking, Mr. Williams said, expectantly maternal and happy. I decided Joe was better off where he—she—was and so I told Mr. Williams that I donated him—her—to the city.

Mr. Williams said he was going to name Joe "The Wordsy Muldoon Collection," just like art museums name collections of pictures given by rich people.

As we were leaving the bird house we bumped into Officer Donovan, Donny's father. He was scolding a little boy who'd just thrown peanuts at the seals.

"I'll run you in, you little lawbreaker," Officer Donovan was saying. "I've got a good mind to——"

Donny sighed.

"Poor Pop," he said. "He's a changed man since he got to worrying over money. If he'd only get a raise he'd be himself again."

What I want to know, Mr. Mayor, is this: "Why isn't an honest, kindly policeman given enough pay so that he won't worry and get grouchy? There must be something pretty wrong with a mayor who allows man's best friend—in blue—to get so unhappy over no pay raises in eight years that he takes it out on kids and young ladies such as,

Yours truly
Kitty (Wordsy) Muldoon

P.S. You just wait till 1952, you pennypincher!

Hitting the NAIL on the HEAD

by patti clayton

Singing star of "Waitin' for Clayton" and "Bouquet for You"

SOME people are born with silver spoons in their mouths—with me, it was just my fingers! It must have been that way, for I'd been biting my nails ever since—until . . . but wait, that's the happy ending . . . to come later!

Well, as all stories go, time passed. I grew—but my nails didn't. My family worried about it. My friends worried about it. And I worried about them worrying. A most unpleasant situation, you can see. Then one day—I was busily absorbed in weighing the merits of a new dream dress in a local store. I preened before the mirror with grubby hands balled tightly at my sides, so I wouldn't ruin the effect. The friendly saleswoman (whom, I suspect, was in reality a psychologist) very casually mentioned *her* hands. She told me about a wonderful hand cream, and had I heard about it? "Uh-uh," I mumbled incoherently as she continued on about this magical cream. During our conversation I glanced at her hands—they *were* lovely! (and I was convinced!). So I finally got around to buying the cream—three minutes after I left the store!

Some days later, mother, deftly tucking her tongue in cheek, remarked on how much softer my hands looked. Soon the rest of the family took their cue, and properly complimented me. Certainly I couldn't ruin my handiwork by biting my nails! The incentive there was so much stronger than the habit that I soon overcame it.

I know that this may not be the answer for all nail-biters, but there is a definite one for each. If you are afflicted in this manner, try first to find the *cause* of your nail-biting. It may be a form of nervousness, lack of confidence or any mental anguish which induces you to gnaw away. Once you've discovered the cause, the rest is easy—a "hands down" cure!

Just hit the nail on the head!

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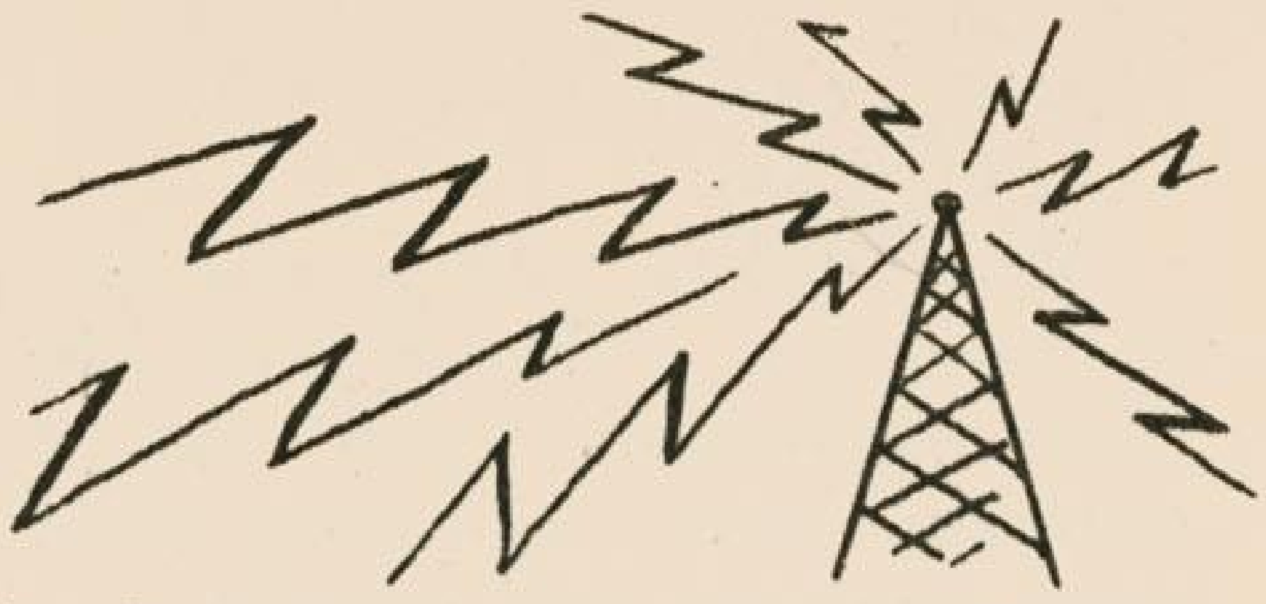
SO YOU WANT TO BE IN RADIO?

From page 49



local stations to put it on the air if it's good enough. This combination of developing your talent and gaining experience are what will do you the most good until you are ready to start your career. Then you can go to the Program Director of the nearest station and ask for an audition. He'll listen if you're experienced.

If you want to be a radio actress, you need two things. First—know how to control your voice . . . and secondly, be able to act. You can learn a great deal about both in school. Take as many speech and dramatic courses as are available. Try to organize or get in on any school radio programs on your local stations. There was one young girl in Los Angeles going to Beverly Hills High who interested her coach in choosing several of the best students to put a short modern play on the air. The girl volunteered to do some re-writing to cut down the length of the play. It was carefully timed to fit into half an hour. Then the girl and the dramatic teacher went to the Beverly Hills radio station and offered it to the program director. Realizing how many relatives and friends the dramatic students had, he said he'd like to, but amateurs probably wouldn't know anything about timing. He was then told that the production was already timed to the second, for a half-hour show. It was auditioned and went on the air, so well done that it became a weekly program—eventually, even got a sponsor. That was four years ago. The young lady who started the whole thing is now a big-time radio actress.

If you think you'd like to be a radio commentator or reporter, then you must have a "mikogenic" voice. You have to be an expert talker . . . and what you say must be interesting. A well-rounded education is very, very important. Read, learn how to mingle with people, participate in school activities, especially debating, and enter speech contests. These will help you learn to "ad lib" . . . talk well without memorizing. After you get all these fundamentals, you'll still have to figure out how to get started. There's no one system. It usually happens by a lucky break. But you have to be prepared for the break when it comes.

There are any number of careers in radio that have nothing to do with being on the air. There are directors and producers—(Helen Mack and Edna Best are two of the very successful women who have recently edged into the field)—music librarians, publicity writers, script writers and business executives. All these are very much in demand, and there are two ways to snag them. Either get into a small station and work up to the job you want, then go to a network and lay your success on the table. Or go to work directly for a network when you finish school. Efficient secretaries are very important to radio executives. Any girl who has intelligence, efficiency and good-grooming habits can land a secretarial job. Then make yourself outstanding by good work, and keep your eyes peeled for chances to climb.

There are jobs now in radio for girls from sixteen on. If you want to start getting the feel of the field, get to know people who can help you up when you are ready, and if you want to earn extra money while you continue your schooling, hie yourself to the network studios to apply for a part-time job as messenger girl, dressed in trim sport clothes, your hair brushed until it shines with health, and no tell-tale signs of immaturity like chewing gum, ankle socks or hair ribbon. If there are no openings at the time, try some of the advertising agencies listed in the phone book. You'll learn plenty about the radio business there, too, and you'll have loads of fun besides. Remember—to get it, ask for it! If you say "I would like to work for the Blank Blank Company as a messenger girl," the interviewer knows what you want and realizes that you are intelligent enough to know. Try it, if radio is your target . . .

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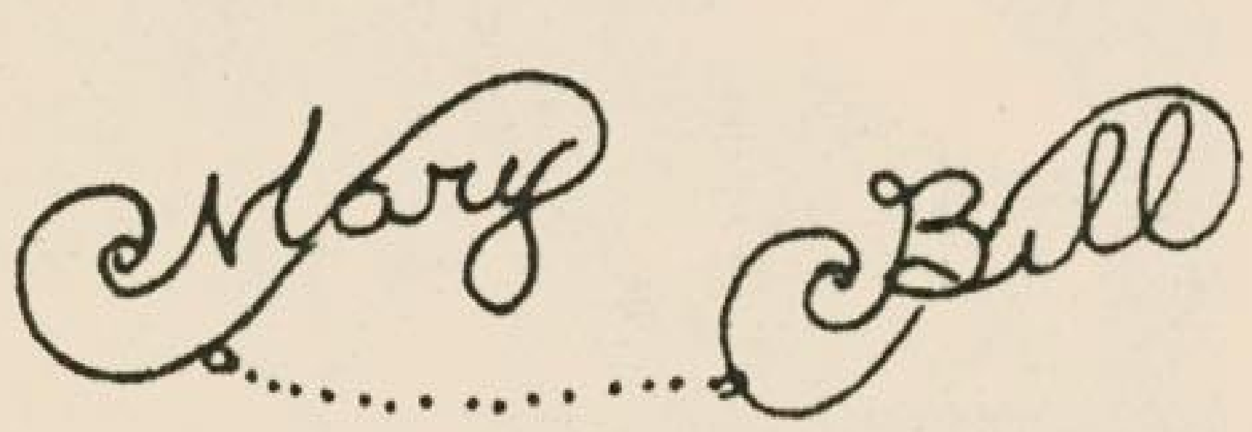

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LOOK NATURAL PLEASE

From page 47

The first step in taking good pictures is easy; to paraphrase the Golden Rule, make your subjects comfortable as you'd want to be; keep them doing something.

Now all you need are three simple rules which even your younger brother could grasp . . .

First, take close-ups. The farther your subject is from the camera, the less film she'll cover and the more extra surrounding details will be included to detract from her.

Second, keep backgrounds simple. A lattice-work arbor may be a lovely place for roses to climb in Summer but criss-cross lines behind someone's head don't help to make a good picture. The best backgrounds are plain flat surfaces or the sky itself.

And, third, watch your light. Harsh shadows don't do justice to peaches-and-cream complexions. The best light for taking pictures of a girl is cross-lighting when the sun is hazy. Or, if the sun's strong, use a piece of white cardboard as a simple reflector on the "shadow side" of the face. With boys you needn't worry so much about this, but in any case, avoid the direct, overhead mid-day sun. It produces deep shadows around the nose and mouth.

Then, remember—focus properly . . . set your shutter and lens opening for the correct exposure . . . and, holding the camera steady, snap your picture. You may not wind up with something that will land in the Museum of Modern Art, but you should have a picture to make your friends do a double-take!

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$3500 given away in prizes in this keen new competition open to all high-school students! But hurry—contest closes May 15, 1947! Write to MISS AMERICA, Dept. EK, for details and entry blanks!

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O. Box 43 Gravesend Sta., Bklyn. 23, N. Y.

AND SUDDENLY SHE KNEW

From page 43

"It was always that way," Lucy said darkly. "Francine got the new snowsuit and her old one was cleaned and handed down to me."

Spike blinked pale eyelashes. "What brought that on?"

"You wouldn't understand," she pronounced loftily.

Spike grinned. "Try me."

"Francine's just lucky," Lucy said, putting it into words at last. "When she was little Mom kept a baby diary with all her firsts; you know, her first tooth on such a date, her first step on another. And when I was a baby what did she keep?"

"Rabbits?"

"Very funny," Lucy said bitterly. "She kept a mental recollection that I had measles when I was nine months old. That I fell down a flight of steps when I was two. All the little tender things."

"Well, what's eating you?" Spike asked. "Did you *want* one of those goppy baby books?"

"It's the principle of the thing."

"I don't get it," he said.

"You see?" she said triumphantly. "I knew you wouldn't understand."

Spike paused in the main corridor. "This is where we part, pal. What about the game tomorrow? You coming?"

Lucy nodded glumly.

"I'll pick you up early."

She sat through English with a dreary impatience. Francine was through with all this kid stuff. She was out in the world of grownups, with an exciting job and a handsome boss and scads of interesting people.

After school, Margie Kuhn suggested a coke. Margie was Lucy's best friend and generally they had as much to talk about as any two best friends. But today Lucy couldn't concentrate. Margie was drooling about Tommy Hendrick's new skates and Lucy didn't care one whoop about them.

"Of course," Margie said diffidently, "he's not as nice as Spike, but he's a lot of fun. Maybe the four of us could go skating some afternoon."

"Why isn't he as nice as Spike?" Lucy asked, nettled. "What's so wonderful about Spike Deener?"

"Well, golly, I thought that . . . well, you and Spike . . . Spike's a good Joe," Margie said loyally. "You make a swell couple."

Margie was a sweet kid, Lucy thought contritely, and I shouldn't take my bad temper out on her. Only . . . well, Margie was childish. Francine's best girl friend, Trudy, was glittering and smooth and laced her conversations with a pungent humor. Lucy had listened to them talk sometimes and she had wondered where Trudy obtained all her detailed knowledge of her friends' misdeeds.

Trudy was . . . Lucy sat up straighter, puzzled. The voice coming from the booth behind was surely Trudy's voice. She wondered whether it was coincidence, or whether she had started thinking of Trudy because of the rapid, high-pitched chortle that came clearly over the partition.

She listened in amusement for a few minutes and then, slowly, the smile left her lips and her back stiffened. Margie started to speak, but Lucy shushed her.

". . . really, my dear, too funny for words. Francine acting as though they were engaged, when actually he spends every spare minute with Doris. Why Leslie told me, in the strictest confidence, of course, that he's terrified of the noose she's tightening around his neck. He told me that he keeps seeing huge walnut hope chests, chasing him in his nightmares."

Abruptly Lucy pushed her empty glass away, stood up and stalked past the faithless Trudy's table. Margie followed her quickly. "Don't you care what she says. Trudy Johnson is a cat, and she's just jealous of your sister."

"Oh her!" Lucy said derisively. "Nobody ever listens to what Trudy says." She was annoyed because her voice didn't sound right. Probably I'm catching cold or something, she thought.

The clock over the post office showed that it was almost five. "I

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have to rush," Lucy said shortly. "If I hurry I can catch Francine at the office. She's always asking me to stop by for her."

Francine's face lighted when she saw Lucy. "Why how nice. Just wait until I finish this letter for Dr. Denis, Lucy."

Lucy looked around the anteroom, impressed as always. It was pretty swank for a dentist's office. The benches were coral leather and blonde wood, built into the wall.

"Beats the classrooms at North High any time," Lucy commented.

Francine looked up from her typewriter and grinned. "You have something there, chum."

Suddenly there was an agonized bellow from the inside office and Dr. Denis bounded out.

"Francine, why didn't you tell me about a 6 P.M. appointment?"

"I marked it on your calendar."

"That's fine," he shouted. "That's peachy dandy. You marked it on my calendar." He stared at Francine with furious dark eyes and chewed at his mustached upper lip. "The appointment was supposed to jump out of the book and bite me, I suppose."

Francine faltered. "I'm sorry, Dr. Denis."

He flung both hands in the air. "Sorry! She says she's sorry. Just sheer, blundering incompetence. Why must I *always* . . ." He rushed out, the door slamming behind him.

Francine was shaking.

Lucy jumped to her feet. "Why that old nincompoop! Can't he even read his old calendar? Why didn't you talk up to him, Francy?"

The older girl took her hat out of the closet. Her shoulders drooped. "Hush, Lucy. He'll hear you."

"And what if he does?"

Francine shrugged wearily. "A job is a job. This one is better than most."

But it was while they waited for a bus on the corner that the third, and somehow the worst, event of the day occurred.

Lucy spied Leslie Taylor's car waiting for the light to change. "Hey," she said. "There's Les. We'll get a comfortable ride home. Les . . . *Oh Les!* . . ."

She knew that he must have heard, and yet he gave no sign of hearing. Without turning his head,

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he put the car in gear and slid smoothly into the surging traffic. Staring in puzzlement at the car, Lucy suddenly understood why. Next to him was Doris Blake.

Oh Lord, she thought, why can't I once, just once, ever keep my big mouth shut? Maybe Francine wouldn't have noticed at all if I hadn't called her attention to him.

Francine was staring after them. "That's funny," she murmured. "I wonder why he didn't stop. He must have heard you."

Lucy was remembering Trudy's remarks. They were true then. Poor Francine.

At dinner that night her mother was unusually kind. "You don't have to eat baked potatoes tonight. You can start watching your waistline if you want to."

"Oh no," Lucy said. "They're wonderful potatoes." She took another one. A large one.

"And I've been thinking about the permanent too. There's no reason why you can't have one. I keep forgetting that you're growing up."

Lucy paused with her fork halfway to her mouth. She had spent so much time envying Francine. She hadn't realized then, as she did now, that the new permanent, the lipstick, the nail polish, were compensating gifts for the loss of childhood.

They represented, she thought slowly, and with a vague sadness, a sort of armor to fight the somehow terrifying adult world.

Lucy took a mouthful of potato and it made her words sound casual and blurred.

"No thank you," she said. "Thanks anyway, but—no thanks."

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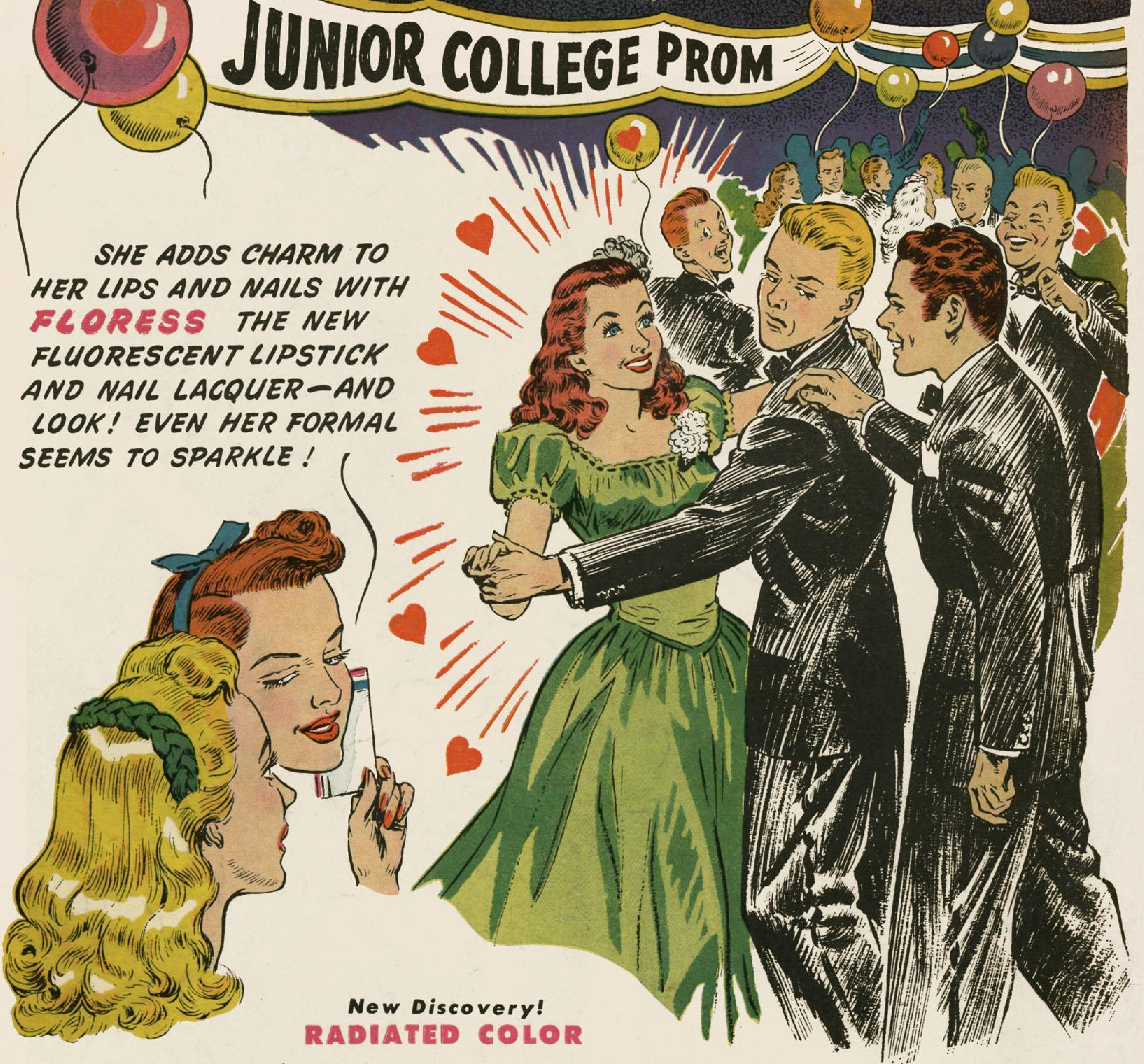
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